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The History of the Two Valiant Knights Syr Clyomon . . . and Clamydes

Date of original edition 1599

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The
History of the Two Valiant Knights
Syr Clyomon . . . and Clamydes

1599

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
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The History of the Two Valiant Knights Syr Clyomon . . . and Clamydes

1599

This facsimile is from an original copy now in the British Museum.

The play has, says Dr. Ward in "The Dictionary of National Biography," in the course of a lengthy article (q.v.) on George Peele (1558?—1597?), been credited to that writer on inadequate grounds. The weight of evidence is trifling and unconvincing.

The original is in a very bad condition, and some difficulty has been experienced in reproduction. This facsimile is, notwithstanding, a very satisfactory piece of work.

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE HISTORIE OF

the two valiant Knights,

Syr *Clyomon* Knight of the Golden Sheeld, ſonne to the King of *Denmarke*.

And Clamydes *the white Knight, ſonne to the King of* Suauia.

As it hath bene ſundry times Acted by her Maieſties Players.

LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede.

1599.

The Prologue.

AS lately lifting vp the leaues of worthy writers workes,
Wherein the Noble acts and deeds of many hidden lurks,
Our Author he hath found the Glaſſe of glory ſhining bright,
herein their liues are to be ſeene, which honour did delight,
o be a Lanthorne vnto thoſe which dayly do deſire,
pollos *Garland by deſert, in time for to aſpire,*
herein the froward chances oft, of Fortune you ſhall ſee,
herein the chearefull countenance, of good ſucceſſes bee:
herein true Louers findeth ioy, with hugie heapes of care,
herein as well as famous facts, ignominius placed are:
herein the iuſt reward of both, is manifeſtly ſhowne,
at vertue from the roote of vice, might openly be knowne.
d doubting nought right Courteous all, in your accuſtomed woont
gentile eares, our Author he, is preſt to bide the brunt
ablers tongues, to whom he thinks, as fruſtrate all his toile,
peereles taſte to filthy Swine, which in the mire doth moile.
ll, what he hath done for your delight, he gaue not me in charge,
Actors come, who ſhall expreſſe the ſame to you at large.

THE HISTORIE OF Sir Clyomon Knight of the golden Sheeld, ſon to the King of *Denmark*: *And* Clamydes *the white Knight, ſonne to the King of* Swauia.

Enter Clamydes.

Clamy. As to the wearie wādring wights, whom waltring waues enuirō,
No greater ioy of ioyes may be, then when from out the Ocean
They may behold the Altitude of Billowes to abate,
For to obſerue the Longitude of Seas in former rate.
And hauing then the latitude of Sea-roome for to paſſe,
Their ioy is greater through the griefe, then erſt beforeat was,
So likewiſe I *Clamydes*, Prince of *Swauia* Noble ſoyle,
Bringing my Barke to *Denmarke* here, to bide the bitter broyle:
And beating blowes of Billowes high, while raging ſtormes did laſt,
My griefes was greater then might be, but tempeſts ouerpaſt,
Such gentle calmes enſued hath, as makes my ioyes more
Through terror of the former feare, then erſt it was before.
So that I ſit in ſafetie, as Sea-man vnder ſhrowdes,
When he perceiues the ſtormes be paſt, through vanquiſhing of Clowdes.
For why, the doubtfull care that draue me off in daunger to preuaile,
Is daſht through bearing leſſer braine, and keeping vnder ſaile:
So that I haue through trauell long, at laſt poſſeſt the place
Whereas my Barke in harbour ſafe, doth pleaſures great embrace:
And hath ſuch licenſe limited, as heart can ſeeme to aske,
To go and come, of cuſtome free, or any other taske.

I meane by *Iuliana* ſhe, that blaze of bewties breeding,
And for her noble gifts of grace, all other dames exceeding:
Shee hath from bondage ſet me free, and freed, yet ſtill bound
To her, aboue all other Dames that liues vpon the ground:
For had not ſhe bene merciſull, my ſhip had ruſht on Rocks,
And ſo decayed amids the ſtormes, through force of clubbiſh knocks:
But when ſhe ſaw the daunger great, where ſubiect I did ſtand,
In bringing of my ſilly Barke, full fraught from out my land,
She like a meeke and modeſt Dame, what ſhould I elſe ſay more?
Did me permit with full conſent, to land vpon her ſhore:
Vpon true promiſe that I would, here faithfull ſtill remaine,
And that performe which ſhe had vowed, for thoſe that ſhould obtaine
Her princely perſon to poſſeſſe, which thing to know I ſtay,
And then aduenturouſly for her, to paſſe vpon my way.
Loe where ſhe comes, ah peereles Dame, my *Iuliana* deare.

Enter Iuliana *with a white Sheeld.*

Iuliana. My *Clamydes*, of troth Sir Prince, to make you ſtay thus here,
I profer too much iniurie, thats doubtleſſe on my part,
But let it no occaſion giue, to breede within yout hart
Miſtruſt that I ſhould forge or faine, with you my Loue in ought.

Clamy. No Lady, touching you, in me doth lodge no ſuch a thought,
But thankes for your great curteſie that would ſo friendly heere
In mids of miſerie receiue, a forraine ſtraunger meere:
But Lady ſay, what is your will, that it I may perſtand?

Iulia. Sir Prince, vpon a vow, who ſpowſeth me, muſt needſly take in hand
The flying Serpent for to ſley, which in the Forreſt is,
That of ſtrange maruels beareth name, which Serpent doth not mis
By dayly vſe from euery coaſt, that is adyacent there,
To fetch a Virgin maide or wife, or elſe ſome Lady faire,
To feed his hungrie panch withall, if caſe he can them take,
His nature loe it onely is, of women ſpoyle to make:
Which thing no doubt, did daunt me much, and made me vow indeed,
Who ſhould eſpouſe me for his wife, ſhould bring to me his head:
Whereto my father willingly, did giue his like conſent,
Lo Sir *Clamydes*, now you know what is my whole intent:
And if you will as I haue ſaid, for me this trauell take,
That I am yours, with heart and mind, your full account do make.

Clamy. Ah

Cla. Ah Lady, if eaſe theſe trauels ſhould ſurmount, the trauels whereby
Vnto the worthies of the world, ſuch noble brute and fame, (came
Yea though the dangers ſhould ſurpaſſe ſtout *Hercules* his toyle,
Who fearing nought the dogged feend, ſtrong *Serberus* did foyle.
Take here my hand, if life and limbe the liuing Gods do lend,
To purchaſe thee, the deareſt drop of bloud my heart ſhall ſpend.
And therefore Lady lincke with me, thy loyall heart for aye,
For I am thine til fates vntwine, of vital life the ſtay:
Proteſting here if Gods aſſiſt, the Serpent for to kil.

Iuli. Then ſhalt thou of all women win, the heart and great good wil,
And me poſſeſſe for ſpowſed wife, who in election am
To haue the Crowne of *Denmarke* here, as heire vnto the ſame.
For why, no children hath my ſire beſides mee, but one other,
And he indeed is heire before, for that he is my brother.
And *Clyomon* ſo hight his name, but where he doth remaine,
Vnto my Parents is vnknowne, for once he did obtaine
Their good wills for to go abroad, a while to ſpend his daies,
In purchaſing through actiue deeds, both honour, laud and praiſe,
Whereby he might deſerue to haue the order of a Knight,
But this omitting vnto thee, *Clamydes* here I plight
My faith and troth, if what is ſaid by me thou doſt performe.

Clamy. If not, be ſure O Lady with my life, I neuer will returne.

Iuli. Then as thou ſeemeſt in thine attire, a Virgins Knight to be,
Take thou this Sheeld likewiſe of white, and beare thy name by me,
The white Knight of the Siluer Sheeld, to eleuate thy praiſe.

Clamy. O Lady as your pleaſure is, I ſhall at all aſſayes
Endeuour my good will to win, if *Mars* do ſend me might,
Such honour as your grace with ioy, ſhall welcome home your Knight.

Iuli. Then farewell my deare *Clamydes*, the gods direct thy way,
And graunt that with the Serpents head, beholde thy face I may.

Exit.

Clamy. You ſhall not need to doubt thereof, O faithfull Dame ſo true,
And humbly kiſſing here thy hand, I bid thy Grace adue.
Ah happie time and bliſfull day, wherein by fate I find
Such friendly fauours as is foode, to feede both heart and mind:
To *Suauia* ſoile I ſwiftly will prepare my foot-ſteps right,

There

There of my father to receiue the order of a Knight:
And afterwards addreſſe my ſelfe in hope of honours Crowne,
Both Tyger fell and Monſter fierce, by dint for to driue downe.
The flying Serpent ſoone ſhall feele, how boldly I dare vaunt me,
And if that *Hydras* head ſhe had, yet dread ſhould neuer daunt me
If murdering *Minataure*, a man might count this ougly beaſt,
Yet for to win a Lady ſuch, I do account it leaſt
Of trauels toyle to take in hand, and therefore farewell care,
For hope of honour ſends me forth, mongſt warlike wights to ſhare.

Exit.

Enter Sir Clyomon *Knight of the golden Sheeld, ſonne to the King of* Denmarke, *with ſubtill Shift the Vice, booted.*

Clyo. Come on good fellow follow me, that I may vnderſtand
Of whence thou art, thus trauelling here in a forraine land:
Come why doſt thou not leaue loytering there, and follow after me?

Shift. Ah I am in ant ſhall pleaſe you.

Clyo. In, why where art thou in?

Shift. Faith in a dirtie Ditch with a woman, ſo beraide, as it's pittie to ſee.

Clyo. Wel, I ſee thou art a merrie cõpanion, I ſhall like better of thy cõpany:
But I pray thee come away.

Shift. If I get out one of my legs as faſt as I may
Ha lo, A my buttocke, the very foundation thereof doth breake,
Ha lo, once againe, I am as faſt, as though I had frozen here a weeke.

Here let him ſlip vnto the Stage backwards, as though he had puld his leg out of the mire, one boote off, and riſe vp to run in againe.

Clyo. Why how now, whither runſt thou, art thou fooliſh in thy mind?

Shi. But to fetch one of my legs ant ſhall pleaſe, that I haue left in the mire behind.

Clyo. One of thy legs, why looke man, both thy legs thou haſt,
It is but one of thy bootes thou haſt loſt, thy labour thou doeſt waſt.

Shift. But one of my bootes, Ieſu, I had ſuch a wrench with the fall,
That I aſſure, I did thinke one of my legs had gone withall.

Clyo. Well let that paſſe, and tell me what thou art, and what is thy name?
And from whence thou cam'ſt, and whither thy iourney thou doeſt frame,
That I haue met thee by the way, thus trauelling in this ſort?

Shift. What

Shift. What you haue requeſted, ant ſhall pleaſe, I am able to report,
What I am by my nature each wight ſhall perceiue
That frequenteth my company, by the learning I haue.
I am the ſonne of *Appollo*, and from his high ſeate I came,
But whither I go, it skils not, for knowledge is my name:
And who ſo hath knowledge, what needs he to care
Which way the wind blowe, his way to prepare.

Cly. And art thou knowledge, of troth I am glad that I haue met with thee.

Shift. I am knowledge, and haue as good skill in a woman as any man whatſoeuer he bee.
For this I am certaine of, let me but lie with her all night,
And Ile tell you in the morning, whither ſhe is maide, wife, or ſpright:
And as for other matters, ſpeaking of languiſhes, or any other thing,
I am able to ſerue ant ſhall pleaſe, ant were great *Alexander* the King.

Clyo. Of troth, then for thy excellencie, I will thee gladly entertaine,
If in caſe that with me thou wilt promiſe to remaine.

Shift. Nay ant ſhall pleaſe ye, I am like to a woman, ſay nay and take it,
When a gentleman profers entertainment, I were a foole to forſake it.

Clyo. Well knowledge, then ſith thou art content my ſeruant to bee,
And endued with noble qualities, thy perſonage I ſee,
Thou hauing perfect knowledge, how thy ſelfe to behaue:
I will ſend thee of mine arrant, but haſte thither I craue:
For here I will ſtay thy comming againe.

Shift. Declare your pleaſure ſir, and whither I ſhall go, and then the caſe is plaine.

Clyo. Nay of no great importance, but being here in *Suauia*
And neare vnto the Court, I would haue thee to take thy way
Thither with all ſpeede, becauſe I would heare
If any ſhewes or triumphs be towards, elſe would I not come there,
For onely vpon ſeates of armes, is all my delight.

Shift. If I had knowne ſo much before, ſeruice that ſeruice will, I would haue ſeru'd no martiall Knight.
Well ſir, to accompliſh your will, to the court I will hy,
And what newes is there ſtirring, bring word by and by.

Clyo. Do ſo good knowledge, and herein place thy comming I will ſtay.

For nothing doth delight me more, then to heare of martiall play,
Can foode vnto the hungrie corps, be cauſe of greater ioy,
Then for the haughtie heart to heare, which doth it ſelfe imploy,
Through martiall excerciſes much to winne the bruit of Fame,
Where mates do meete which thereunto their fancies ſeemes to frame:
Can muſicke more the penſiue heart or daunted mind delight,
Can comfort more the carefull corps and ouer palled ſpright,
Reioyce, then ſound of Trumpet doth each warlike wight allure,
And Drum and Fyfe vnto the fight doth noble hearts procure,
To ſee in ſunder ſhiuered, the Lance that leades the way,
And worthy knights vnbeauered, in field amidſt the fray,
To heare the ratling Cannons roare, and Hylts on Helmets ring,
To ſee the ſouldiers ſwarme on heapes, where valiant hearts doth bring
The cowardly crew into the caſe of carefull Captiues band,
Where auncients braue diſplayed be, and wonne by force of hand.
What wight would not as well delight as this to heare and ſee,
Betake himſelfe in like affaires a fellow mate to bee,
With *Clyomon*, to *Denmarke* King the onely ſonne and heire
Who of the Golden Sheeld as now, the knightly name doth beare
In euery land ſince that I foyld the worthy Knight of Fame,
Sir *Samuel* before the King, and Prince of martiall game.
Alexander cald the Great, which when he did behold,
He gaue to me in recompence, this Shield of glittering Gold:
Requeſting for to know my name, the which ſhall not be ſhowen
To any Kight, vnleſſe by force he make it to be knowen.
For ſo I vowed to *Denmarke* King, my fathers grace when I
Firſt got his leaue, that I abroad my force and ſtrength might try.
And ſo I haue my ſelfe behau'd, in Citie, Towne and field,
That neuer yet did fall reproach, to the Knight of the Golden Shield.

Enter Subtill Shift, *running*.

Shift. Gods ames, where are you, where are you? and you bee a man
me away.

Clya. Why what is the matter knowledge to tell thy arrand ſtay.

Shift. Stay, what talke you of ſtaying, why then all the ſight will be paſt,
amides the Kings ſonne ſhall be dubd Knight in all haſt.
Ah knowledge, then come indeed, and good paſtime thou ſhalt ſee,
vill take the honour from him, that dubbed I may bee. Vpon

Vpon a couragious ſtomacke, come let vs haſte thither.

Exit.

Shift. Leade you the way and ile follow, weele be both made knights to-gither,
Ah ſirrah, is my maiſter ſo luſtie, or dares he be ſo bold?
It is no maruell then, if he beare a Sheeld of Gold.
But by your patience if he continue in this buſineſſe, farewell maiſter than,
For I promiſe you, I entend not very long to be his man:
Although vnder the tytle of knowledge my name I do faine,
Subtill Shift I am called, that is moſt plaine.
And as it is my name, ſo it is my nature alſo,
To play the ſhifting knaue where ſoeuer I go.
Well, after him I will, but ſoft now, if my maiſter chance to be loſt
And any man examine me, in telling his name I am as wiſe as a poſt.
What a villaine was I, that ere he went, could not aske it?
Well, its no great matter, I am but halfe bound, I may ſerue whom I will yet.

Exit.

Enter the King of Suauia, *with the Herauld before him:*
Clamydes, *three Lords.*

King. Come *Clamides* thou our ſonne, thy Fathers talke attend,
Since thou art preſt thy youthfull dayes in proweſſe for to ſpend:
And doeſt of vs the order aske, of knighthood for to haue,
We know thy deeds deſerues the ſame, and that which thou doeſt craue
Thou ſhalt poſſeſſe: but firſt my ſonne, know thou thy fathers charge,
And what to knighthood doth belong, thine honour to enlarge:
Vnto what end a knight is made, that likewiſe thou maiſte know,
And beare the ſame in mind alſo, that honour thine may flow
Amongſt the worthies of the world, to thy immortall fame:
Know thou therefore *Clamydes* deare, to haue a knightly name
Is firſt aboue all other things his God for to adore,
In truth according to the lawes preſcribde to him before.
Secondly, that he be true vnto his Lord and king.
Thirdly, that he keepe his faith and troth in euery thing.
And then before all other things that elſe we can commend,
That he be alwaies ready preſt, his countrey to defend:
The Widow poore, and fatherleſſe, or Innocent bearing blame,
To ſee their cauſe redreſſed right, a faithfull knight muſt frame:

In truth he alwaies muſt be tried, this is the totall charge,
That will receiue a knightly name, his honour to enlarge.
Cla. O Father, this your gracious counſell giuen, to me your onely ſonne,
Shall not be in obliuion caſt, till vitall race be runne:
What way dooth winne Dame Honours Crowne, thoſe pathes my ſteppes ſhall trace.
And thoſe that to reproach doth leade, which ſeeketh to deface
True Honour in her Regall ſeate, I ſhall deteſt for aye,
And be as viter enemie, to them both night and day:
By flying force of flickring fame, your grace ſhall vndertſtand
Of my behauiour noble ſyre, in euery forraine land.
And if you heare by true report, I venture in the Barge
Of wilfulneſſe contrary this, your graces noble charge:
Let ignomie to my reproach, in ſteed of Lady fame,
Sound through the earth and Azure Skies, the ſtrained blaſt of ſhame.
Whereby within Obliuions Tombe, my deeds ſhall be detained,
Where otherwiſe of memorie, the mind I might haue gained:
So that the den of darkſomeneſſe, ſhall euer be my cheſt,
Where worthy deeds prefers each wight, with honour to be bleſt.
King. Well *Clamydes* then kneele downe, according as is right,
That here thou mayſt receiue of me, the order of a Knight.

Here let him kneele downe, Clyomon *with ſubtill* Shift *watching in place, and as the King doth go about to lay the Mace of his head, let* Clyomon *take the blowe, and ſo paſſe away preſently.*

Shift. Now prepare your ſelfe, or ile be either a Knight or a knaue.
Clyo. Content thy ſelfe knowledge, for ile quickly him deceiue.
King. The Noble orders of a Knight, *Clamydes* vnto thee
We giue through due deſert, wherefore ſee that thou bee,
Both Valiant, Wiſe, and Hardie.
Shift. Away now quickly, leaſt we be take tardie.

Exeunt.

King. Ah ſtout attempt of Barron bold, that hath from this my ſonne,
The Knight-hood tane, my Lords purſue, ere far he can be runne.

Purſue him, and bring in Shift.

Ah

Ah *Clamydes* how art thou bereft of honour here?
Was like preſumption euer ſeene, that one a ſtraunger meere,
Should come in preſence of a Prince, and tempt as he hath done,
To take the Knight-hood thus away, from him who is his ſonne?
Clamy. Ah father, how am I perplext, till I reuenged be,
Vpon the wretch which here hath tane, the honour thus from me?
Was euer any one deceiu'd of Knight-hood ſo before?
King. Well *Clamydes*, my Lords returne, ſtay till we do know more.

Enter Shift *brought in by the two Lords, who purſued* Clyomon.

1. *Lord.* O King the knight is fled and gone, purſute preuaileth nought,
But here his ſlaue we taken haue, to tell why this he wrought.
King. Ah cruell grudge that greeues my ghoſt, ſhall he eſcape me ſo?
Shall he with honour from my ſonne, without diſturbance go?
Ah Catiffe thou, declare his name, and why he ventred here:
Or death ſhall be thy guerdon ſure, by all the Gods I ſweare.
Shift. Ah ant ſhall pleaſe you, I know neither him, his country nor name.
2. *Lo.* What, what ſir, are not you his ſeruant? will you denie the ſame?
King. Nay then you are a diſſembling knaue, I know very well.
Shift. Ant ſhall pleaſe your Grace, euen the very troth I ſhall tell,
I ſhould haue bene his ſeruant when we met togither,
Which was not full three houres before we came hither.
King. Well what is his name, and of what countrey declare?
Shift. That cannot I tell ant ſhall pleaſe you, you neuer ſaw ſeruant in ſuch care:
To know his Maiſters name, neither in Towne nor Field,
And what he was he would tell, but the Knight of the Golden Sheeld.
King. Well *Clamides* marke my charge, what I to thee ſhall ſay,
Prepare thy ſelfe for to purſue that Traytor on his way:
Which hath thine honour reft from thee, and either by force of hand
Or loue, his name and natiue ſoyle, ſee that thou vnderſtand,
That I may know for what intent, he bare this grudge to thee,
Elſe ſee thou neuer doeſt returne againe to viſit mee:
For this imports him for to be, of valiant heart and mind:
And therefore do purſue thy foe, vntill thou doeſt him find.

To know his name and what he is,or as I ſaid before,
Do neuer view thy father I,in preſence any more.
Clamy. Well father,ſith it is your charge,and precept giuen to mee,
And more for mine owne honours ſake,I franckly do agree
To vndertake the enterpriſe,his name to vnderſtand,
Or neuer elſe to ſhew my face againe in *Swauia* land.
Wherefore I humbly do deſire,the order to receiue,
Of Knighthood, which my ſole deſire hath euer bene to haue:
It is the name and meane,whereby true honour is atchiued:
Let me not then O father deare,thereof be now depriued.
Sith that mine honour cowardly was ſtolne by Caitiffe he,
And not by dinted daſtards deed,O father loſt by me.
King. Well *Clamides*,then kneele downe,here in our Nobles ſight,
We giue to thee that art our ſonne,the order of a Knight:
But as thou wilt our fauour winne,accompliſh my deſire.
Clamy. Elſe neuer to your royall Court,O father ile retire.
King. Well,then adue *Clamides* deare,the Gods thine ayder be:
But come my Lords,to haue his hire,that Caitiffe bring with me.
Shift. Alas ant ſhall pleaſe you,I am knowledge,and no euill did pretend,
Set me at libertie,it was the knight that did offend.
Cla. O father,ſith that he is knowledge,I beſeech your grace ſet him free,
For in theſe affaires,he ſhall waite and tend on mee:
If he will proteſt,to be true to me euer.
Shift. Ah Noble *Clamydes*,heeres my hand,ile deceiue you neuer.
Clamy. Wel then father,I beſeech your Grace grant that I may haue him.
King. Well *Clamydes*,I am content,ſith thou my ſonne doeſt craue him.
Receiue him therefore at my hands.My Lords come lets depart.
All. We ready are to waite on you O King,with willing hart.

Exeunt.

Clamy. Well knowledge,do prepare thy ſelfe,for here I do proteſt,
My fathers precepts to fulfill,no day nor night to reſt
From toyſome trauell,till I haue reuengd my cauſe aright,
On him who of the golden Sheeld,now beareth name of knight:
Who of mine honour hath me robd,in ſuch a cowardly ſort,
As for to be of noble heart,it doth him not import.
Shift. Vſe knowledge,to me thy ſeruice ſtill thou muſt with loyall hart profeſſe.

Shift. Vſe

Ah *Clamydes* how art thou bereft of honour here?
Was like preſumption euer ſeene, that one a ſtraunger meere,
Should come in preſence of a Prince, and tempt as he hath done,
To take the Knight-hood thus away, from him who is his ſonne?
Clamy. Ah father, how am I perplext, till I reuenged be,
Vpon the wretch which here hath rane, the honour thus from me?
Was euer any one deceiu'd of Knight-hood ſo before?
King. Well *Clamydes*, my Lords returne, ſtay till we do know more.

Enter Shift *brought in by the two Lords, who purſued* Clyomon.

1. *Lord.* O King the knight is fled and gone, purſute preuaileth nought,
But here his ſlaue we taken haue, to tell why this he wrought.
King. Ah cruell grudge that greeues my ghoſt, ſhall he eſcape me ſo?
Shall he with honour from my ſonne, without diſturbance go?
Ah Cariffe thou, declare his name, and why he ventred here:
Or death ſhall be thy guerdon ſure, by all the Gods I ſweare.
Shift. Ah ant ſhall pleaſe you, I know neither him, his country nor name.
2. *Lo.* What, what ſir, are not you his ſeruant? will you denie the ſame?
King. Nay then you are a diſſembling knaue, I know very well.
Shift. Ant ſhall pleaſe your Grace, euen the very troth I ſhall tell,
I ſhould haue bene his ſeruant when we met togither,
Which was not full three houres before we came hither.
King. Well what is his name, and of what countrey declare?
Shift. That cannot I tell ant ſhall pleaſe you, you neuer ſaw ſeruant in ſuch care:
To know his Maiſters name, neither in Towne nor Field,
And what he was he would tell, but the Knight of the Golden Sheeld.
King. Well *Clamides* marke my charge, what I to thee ſhall ſay,
Prepare thy ſelfe for to purſue that Traytor on his way:
Which hath thine honour reft from thee, and either by force of hand
Or loue, his name and natiue ſoyle, ſee that thou vnderſtand,
That I may know for what intent, he bare this grudge to thee,
Elſe ſee thou neuer doeſt returne againe to viſit mee:
For this imports him for to be, of valiant heart and mind:
And therefore do purſue thy foe, vntill thou doeſt him find.

To know his name and what he is,or as I ſaid before,
Do neuer view thy father I,in preſence any more.
Clamy. Well father,ſith it is your charge,and precept giuen to mee,
And more for mine owne honours ſake,I franckly do agree
To vndertake the enterpriſe,his name to vnderſtand,
Or neuer elſe to ſhew my face againe in *Swauia* land.
Wherefore I humbly do deſire,the order to receiue,
Of Knighthood, which my ſole deſire hath euer bene to haue:
It is the name and meane,whereby true honour is atchiued:
Let me not then O father deare,thereof be now depriued.
Sith that mine honour cowardly was ſtolne by Caitiffe he,
And not by dinted daſtards deed,O father loſt by me.
King. Well *Clamides*,then kneele downe,here in our Nobles ſight,
We giue to thee that art our ſonne,the order of a Knight:
But as thou wilt our fauour winne,accompliſh my deſire.
Clamy. Elſe neuer to your royall Court,O father ile retire.
King. Well,then adue *Clamides* deare,the Gods thine ayder be:
But come my Lords,to haue his hire,that Caitiffe bring with me.
Shift. Alas ant ſhall pleaſe you,I am knowledge,and no euill did pretend,
Set me at libertie,it was the knight that did offend.
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Shift. Ah Noble *Clamydes*,heeres my hand,ile deceiue you neuer.
Clamy. Wel then father,I beſeech your Grace grant that I may haue him.
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Receiue him therefore at my hands.My Lords come lets depart.
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Exeunt.

Clamy. Well knowledge,do prepare thy ſelfe,for here I do proteſt,
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From toyſome trauell,till I haue reuengd my cauſe aright,
On him who of the golden Sheeld,now beareth name of knight:
Who of mine honour hath me robd,in ſuch a cowardly ſort,
As for to be of noble heart,it doth him not import.
Knowledge, to me thy ſeruice ſtill thou muſt with loyall hart profeſſe.

Shift. Vſe

Shift. Vſe me that all other villains may take enſample by me, if I digreſſe.

Clamy. Well then come follow ſpeedily, that him purſue we may. (*Exit.*

Shift. Keepe you before ant ſhall pleaſe you, for I mind not to ſtay.

Ah ſirrah *Shift*, thou waſt driuen to thy ſhifts now indeed,
I dreamd bfore, that vntowardly I ſhould ſpeed:
And yet it is better lucke then I looked to haue:
But as the prouerbe ſaith, good fortune euer hapneth to the veryeſt knaue:
And yet I could not eſcape with my maiſter, do what I can,
Well by this bargaine he hath loſt his new Seruing-man:
But if *Clamydes* ouertake him now, what buffets will there be,
Vnleſſe it be foure miles off the fray, there will be no ſtanding for me.
Well after him I will, but howſoeuer my maiſter ſpeed,
To ſhift for my ſelfe I am fully decreed. (*Exit.*

Enter King Alexander *the Great, as valiantly ſet forth as may be, and as many ſouldiers as can.*

Alex. After many inuincible victories, and conqueſts great atchiued,
I *Alexander* with ſound of Fame, in ſaferie am arriued
Vpon my borders long wiſhed for, of *Macedonia* ſoile,
And all the world ſubiect haue, through force of warlike toile,
O *Mars* I lawd thy ſacred name, and for this ſafe returne,
To *Pallas* Temple will I wend, and ſacrifices burne
To thee, *Bellona* and the reſt, that warlike wights do guide,
Who for King *Alexander* did, ſuch good ſucceſſe prouide.
Who bowes not now vnto my becke, my force who doth not feare?
Who doth not of my conqueſts great, throughout the world heare?
What King as to his ſoueraigne Lord, doth now not bow his knee?
What Prince doth raigne vpon the earth, which yeelds not vnto mee
Due homage for his Regall Mace? What countrey is at libertie?
What Dukedome, Iland, or Prouince elſe, to me now are not tributarie?
What Fort of Force, or Caſtle ſtrong, haue I not battered downe?
What Prince is he, that now by me, his Princely ſeate and Crowne
Doth not acknowledge for to hold, not one the world throughout,
But of King *Alexanders* power they all do ſtand in doubt?
They feare as Fowles that houering flie, from out the Fawcons way,
As Lambe the Lyon, ſo my power, the ſtowteſt do obey.
In field who hath not felt my force, where battering blowes abound?

King or *Keyſar*, who hath not fixt his knees to me on ground,
And yet *Alexander*, what art thou? thou art a mortall wight,
For all that euer thou haſt get or wonne by force in fight.

1. *Lo.* Acknowledging thy ſtate ô King, to be as thou haſt ſaid,
The Gods no doubt as they haue bene, will be thy ſheeld and aid
In all attempts thou takſt in hand, if caſe no glorie vaine
Thou ſeekeſt, but acknowledging thy victories and gaine,
Through the prouidence of ſacred Gods to happen vnto thee,
For vaine is truſt, that in himſelfe, man doth repoſe we ſee:
And therefore leaſt theſe victories which thou ô King haſt got,
Should blind thine eyes with arrogancie, thy noble fame to blot,
Let that victorious Prince his words, of *Macedon* thy ſire,
To acknowleoge ſtill thy ſtate O King, thy noble heart inſpire,
Who after all his victories, triumphantly obtained,
Leaſt that the great felicitie of that which ſhe had gained,
Should cauſe him to forget himſelfe, a child he did prouide,
Which came vnto his chamber doore, and euery morning cryde
Philip, thou art a mortall man, this practiſe of thy ſire,
Amidſt all theſe thy victories, thy ſeruant doth deſire,
O *Alexander* that thou wilt, them print within thy mind,
And then no doubt as father did, thou ſolace ſweete ſhalt find.

Alex. My Lords, your counſell doubtleſſe I eſteeme, and with great thanks againe,
I do requite your courteſie, reiecting this is plaine,
All vaine glory from my heart: and ſince the Gods diuine,
To vs aboue all others Kings, this fortune doeth aſſigne,
To haue in our ſubiection the world for moſt part,
We will at this one houre returne, with feruent zeale of hart,
In Pallas Temple to the gods, ſuch ſacrifices make,
Of thankfulneſſe for our ſucceſſe, as they in part ſhall take
The ſame, a gratulation, ſufficient from vs ſent:
Come therefore let vs homewards march, to accompliſh our intent.

Omnes. We readie are moſt famous King, to follow thee with victorie.

Alex. Then ſound your Drums and Trumpets both, that we may march triumphantly.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Sir Clyomon, *Knight of G. S.*

Clyo. Now *Clyomon* a knight thou art, though ſome perhaps may ſay,
Thou cowardly camſt to *Clamydes*, and ſtole his right away:
No, no, it was no cowardly part, to come in preſence of a king,
And in the face of all his Court, to do ſo worthy a thing.
Amidſt the mates that martiall be, and ſterne knights of his hall,
To take the knighthood from their Prince, euen mauger of them all.
It giues a guerdon of good will, to make my glory glance,
When warlike wights ſhall heare thereof, my fame they will aduance:
And where I was pretended late, to *Denmarke* king my ſire,
His royall grace to ſee, homeward to retire,
Now is my purpoſe altered by brute of late report,
And where fame reſteth to be had, thither *Clyomon* will reſort:
For as I vnderſtand by fame, that worthy Prince of might,
The conqueror of conquerors, who *Alexander* hight,
Returning is to *Macedon*, from many a bloudie broyle,
And there to keepe his royall Court, now after wearie toyle,
Which makes the mind of *Clyomon*, with ioyes to be clad,
For there I know of martiall mates, is company to be had.
Adiu therefore, both *Denmarke* king and *Suauia* Prince beſide,
To *Alexanders* Court I will, the Gods my iourney guide.

Enter Clamydes *and* Shift.

Clamy. Come knowledge here he is, nay ſtay thou cowardly knight,
That like a daſtard camſt, to ſteale away my right.
Clyo. What, what, you raile ſir princkocks Prince, me coward for to call.
Shift. Ant ſhall pleaſe you he is a coward, he would haue hyrde me,
Amidſt your fathers hall.
To haue done it for him, being himſelfe in ſuch ſtay
That ſcarcely he durſt, before your preſence appeare.
Clyo. Why how now knowledge, what forſake thy maiſter ſo ſoone?
Shift. Nay maiſter was, but not maiſter is, with you I haue done.
Clamy. Well for what intent camſt thou, my honour to ſteale away?
Clyo. That I tooke ought from thee, I vtterly denay.
Clamy. Didſt not thou take the honour, which my father to me gaue?
Clyo. Of that thou hadſt not, I could thee not depraue.
Clamy. Didſt not thou take away my knighthood from me?
Clyo. No, for I had it before it was giuen vnto thee:

And hauing it before thee, what Argument canſt thou make,
That euer from thee the ſame I did take?
Shift. Thats true, he receiu'd the blow before at you it came,
And therefore he tooke it not from you, becauſe you had not the ſame.
Clamy. Well, what hight thy name, let me that vnderſtand,
And wherefore thou trauailedſt here in my fathers land
So boldly to attempt in his Court ſuch a thing?
Clyo. The bolder the attempt is, more fame it doth bring:
But what my name is deſireſt thou to know?
Shift. Nay he hath ſtolen ſheepe I thinke, for he is aſhamd his name for to ſhow.
Clamy. What thy name is, I would gladly perſtand:
Clyo. Nay that ſhall neuer none know, vnleſſe by force of hand
He vanquiſh me in fight, ſuch a vow haue I made,
And therefore to combat with me, thy ſelfe do perſwade,
If thou wilt know my name.
Clamy. Well, I accord to the ſame.
Shift. Nay then God be with you, if you be at that poynt I am gone,
If you be of the fighters diſpoſition, ile leaue you alone.
Clamy. Why ſtay knowledge, although I fight, thou ſhalt not be moleſted.
Shift. Ant ſhall pleaſe you, this feare hath made me beray my ſelfe, with a Proynſtone that was not digeſted.
Clyo. Well *Clamy* let ſtay thy ſelfe, and marke my ſayings here:
And do not thinke I ſpeake this fame, for that thy force I feare,
But that more honour may redound, vnto the victors part,
Wilt thou here giue thy hand to me, without en fraud of hart
Vpon the faith which to a knight doth rightly appertaine,
And by the loyaltie of a knight, ile ſweare to thee againe,
For to obſerue my promiſe iuſt, which is if thou agree,
The fifteenth day next following, to meete Sir Prince with mee,
Before King *Alexanders* grace, in *Macedonia* ſoyle,
Who all the world ſubiect hath, through force of warlike toyle:
For hee is chiefe of chiualrie, and king of Martiall mates,
And to his royall Court thou knoweſt, repaire all eſtates.
Giue me thy hand vpon thy faith, of promiſe not to faile,
And here is mine to thee againe, if Fortunes froward gaile,

Reſiſt

Reſiſt me not, the day foreſpoke to meete ſir Prince with thee,
Before that king to try our ſtrengths, ſay if thou doeſt agree,
For tryple honour will it be, to him that gets the victorie,
Before ſo worthy a Prince as hee, and Nobles all ſo publikely,
Where otherwiſe if in this place we ſhould attempt the ſame,
Of the honour that were got thereby, but ſmall would be the fame.

Clamy. Well Sir knight, here is my hand, ile meete in place foreſpoke.

Clyo. And by the loyaltie of a knight, ile not my words reuoke.

Clamy. Till then adieu, ile keepe my day.

Exit.

Clamy. And I, if fates do not gainſay.

Shift. What is he gone, and did take no leaue of me?
Ieſu ſo vnmannerly a Gentleman did any man ſee,
But now my Lord which way will you trauell declare?

Clamy. Sith I haue fifteene dayes reſpit my ſelfe to prepare,
My Ladies charge for to fulfill, behold I do entend.

Shift. Your Lady ant ſhall pleaſe you, why who is your Lady, may a man be ſo bold as aske and not offend?

Clamy. Iuliana daughter to the King of *Denmarke* loe is ſhe,
Whoſe knight I am, and from her hands this ſhield was giuen to me,
In ſigne and token of good will, whoſe noble grace to gaine,
I haue proteſted in her cauſe for to omit no paine
Nor trauaile, till I haue ſubdued the flying Serpents force,
Which in the Forreſt of Maruels is, who taketh no remorſe
Of women kind, but doth deuoure all ſuch as are a ſtray,
So that no one dares go abroad, nor wander forth the way.
And ſith I haue yet fifteene dayes, my ſelfe for to prepare,
To meete the Knight of the Golden Shield, my heart is voyd of care.
I will vnto the Forreſt wend, ſith it is in my way,
And for my *Iulianas* ſake, that cruell Serpent ſlay.

Shift. What are you a mad man, will you wilfully be ſlaine?
If you go into that Forreſt, you will neuer come out againe.

Clamy. Why ſo knowledge, doſt thou thinke the Serpent I feare?

Shift. No, but do you not know of *Bryan ſance foy*, the chãpion dwels there

Clamy. A cowardly knight knowledge is he, and dares fight with no man.

Shift. Ah a noble match, couple him and me togither than:
Yea, but although he dares not fight, and Enchanter he is,
And whoſoeuer comes in that Forreſt, to enchant he doth not mis.
Clamy. Tuſh, tuſh, I feare him not knowledge, and therefore come away.
Exit.

Shift. Well ſeeing you are ſo wilfull, go you before ile not ſtay.
Ah ſirrah, now *I* know all my maiſters mind, the which *I* did not before,
He aduentureth for a Lady, well *I* ſay no more:
But to eſcape the enchantments of *Bryan Sance foy*,
Thats *Bryan* without faith, *I* haue deuiſde a noble toy:
For he and *I* am both of one conſanguinitie,
The veryeſt cowardly villaine that euer was borne, thats of a certaintie:
Ile fight with no man, no more will *Bryan*, thats plaine:
But by his enchantments, he putteth many to great paine.
And in a Forreſt of ſtrange maruels doth he keepe,
Altogither by enchantments to bring men aſleepe,
Till he haue wrought his will of them, to *Bryan* ſtraight will I,
And of my maiſters comming to the Forreſt informe him priuily,
So ſhall I win his fauour, and ſubtill *Shift* in the end,
Thou ſhalt eſcape his enchantment, for he will be thy frend:
Well vnknowne to my maiſter, for mine owne ſafegard this will *I* do,
And now like a ſubtill ſhifting knaue, after him ile go. *Exit.*

Enter Bryan ſance foy.

Bry. Of *Brian ſance foi* who hath not heard? not for his valiant acts,
But well *I* know throughout the world, doth ring his cowardly facts.
What tho *I* pray, all are not borne to be God *Mars* his men,
To toy with daintie dames in courts, ſhould be no copeſmates then.
If all were giuen to chiualrie, then *Venus* might go weepe,
For any Court in Venerie, that ſhe were like to keepe.
But ſhall *I* frame then mine excuſe, by ſeruing *Venus* ſhe,
When *I* am knowne throughout the world, faint hearted for to be?
No, no, alas, it will not ſerue, for many a knight in loue,
Moſt valiant hearts no doubt they haue, and knightly proweſſe proue,
To get their Ladies loyall hearts, but *I* in *Venus* yoke,
Am forſt for want of valiancie, my freedome to prouoke:
Bearing the name and port of knight, enchantments for to vſe,

Wherewith

Wherewith full many a worthy wight, moſt cowardly I abuſe:
As witneſſeth the number now, which in my Caſtle lye,
Who if they were at libertie, in armes I durſt not try.
The feebleſt there though he vnarmd, ſo is my courage danted,
When as I ſee the glittering armes, whereby each Knight is vanted.
But how I vanquiſh theſe ſame Knights, is wonderfull to ſee,
And Knights that ventured for her loue, whom I do loue they bee.
Thats *Iuliana*, daughter to the King of Denmarks grace,
Whoſe beautie is the cauſe that I do haunt or keepe this place.
For that no wight may her poſſeſſe, vnleſſe by vow decreed,
He bring and do preſent to her the flying Serpents head.
Which many hath attempt to do, but none yet could him ſlay,
Ne afterward hence backe againe, for me could paſſe away:
For that through my inchantments lo, which heere this forreſt keepe,
Soone as I did looke on them, they ſtraight were in a ſleepe.
Then preſently I them vnarmd, and to my Caſtle brought,
And there in priſon they do lye, not knowing what was wrought.
Lo thus I range the woods to ſee who doth the Serpent ſlay,
That by inchantment I may take the head from him away:
And it preſent vnto the Dame, as though I were her Knight,
Well heere comes one, ile ſhrowd my ſelfe, for fure I will not fight.

Enter Subtill Shift. (*ſance foy?*

Shift. Gogs bloud where might I meete with that cowardly knaue *Bryan*
I could tell him ſuch a tale now as would make his hart leape for ioy.
Well yonder I haue eſpied one, whatſoeuer he be.

Bryan. Nay gogs bloud ile be gone, he ſhall not fight with me,
But by inchantment ile be euen with him by and by.

Shift. A ant ſhall pleaſe you, ile fight with no man, neuer come ſo nye.

Bryan. Why what art thou declare? whither dooſt thou run? (the ſun.

Shift. Euen the cowardlyeſt villaine ant ſhall pleaſe you that liues vnder

Bryan. What of my fraternitie, doeſt thou not know *Bryan ſance foy?*

Shift. What maiſter *Bryan*, Ieſu how my hart doth leape for ioy
That I haue met with you, who euer had better lucke?

Bryan. But touch me not.

Shift. Wherefore?

Bryan. Leſt you inchant me into the likeneſſe of a bucke.

Shift. Tuſh, tuſh, I warrant thee, but what art thou dec'are?
Bryan. Knowledge and it ſhall pleaſe you, who hither doth repaire
To tell you good newes.
Shift. Good newes? what are they knowledge expreſſe?
Bryan. A Knight hath ſlaine the flying Serpent.
Shift. Tuſh it is not ſo.
Bryan. It is moſt true that I do confeſſe.
Shift. Ah what hight his name Knowledge? let me that vnderſtand.
Clamydes the White Knight, ſonne to the King of *Swauia* land,
Who for *Iuliana*, daughter to the King of *Denmarks* grace,
Did take the attempt in hand, now you know the whole caſe.
Bryan. Ah happy newes of gladſomneſſe vnto my danted mind,
Now for to winne my Ladyes loue, good fortune is aſſigned:
For though ſhe be *Clamydes*, right wonne worthely indeed,
Yet will I ſure poſſeſſe that Dame, by giuing of the head.
But Knowledge where about declare, doeth that *Clamydes* reſt?
Shift. Euen hard by in the Forreſt heere where he ſlew the beaſt
I left him, and to ſeeke you did hye:
But let vs go furder into the woods, you ſhall meete him by and by.
Bryan. Well Knowledge for thy paines take this as ſome reward,
And if thou wilt abide with me, be ſure ile thee regard
Aboue all others of my men, beſides ile giue to thee
A thing, that from inchantments aye, preſerued ſhalt thou be.
Shift. Then here is my hand, ile be your ſeruant euer:
Bryan. And ſeeing thou art a coward as well as I, ile forſake thee neuer.
But come let vs go *Clamydes* to meete.

Exeunt.

Shift. Keepe on your way and ile follow, I truſt if he meete him, heele take him to his feete.
Gogs bloud was euer ſeene ſuch a iolt-headed villaine as he,
To be ſo afraid of ſuch a faint-hart knaue as I am to ſee?
Of the fraternitie quoth you? birlady its a notable brood:
Well *Shift* theſe chunks doeth thy hart ſome good:
And ile cloſe with *Bryan* till I haue gotten the thing
That he hath promiſed me, and then ile be with him to bring.
Well, ſuch ſhifting knaues as I am, the ambodexter muſt play,

And

And for commoditie ſerue euery man, whatſoeuer the world ſay.
Well after *Bryan* I will, and cloſe with him awhile,
But as well as *Clamydes*, in the end ile him begile.

Enter Clamydes, *with the head vpon his ſword.*

Clamy. Ah happy day my deadly foe ſubmitted hath to death,
Lo heere the hand, lo heere the ſword that ſtopt the vitall breath:
Lo heere the head that ſhall poſſeſſe my *Iulianas* deare,
The Knight of the golden Sheeld his force, what neede I now to feare:
Since I by force ſubdued haue this Serpent fierce of might,
Who vanquiſht hath as I haue heard, full many a worthie Knight.
Which for to winne my Ladyes loue, their liues haue venterd heere,
Beſides that cowardly *Bryan* which the faithleſſe ſhield doth beare:
A number keepes as I haue heard, as captiues in his hold,
Whome he hath by inchantment got, and not through courage bold.
Shall ſuch defamed daſtards, dard by Knights, thus beare their name?
Shall ſuch as are without all faith, liue to impaire our fame?
Shall valiant harts by cowardly charme, be kept in captiues thrall?
Shall Knights liue ſubiect to a wretch which hath no hart at all?
Nay firſt *Clamydes* claime to thee fell *Atrapos* his ſtroke,
Ere thou doeſt ſee ſuch worthy Knights to beare the heauie yoke,
Of cowardly *Bryan* without faith, his charmes let daunt not thee,
And for his force thou needſt not feare, the Gods thy ſhield will be.
Well, to meete the Knight of the golden Shield, yet ten daies ſpace I haue,
And to ſet free theſe worthy Knights, but reſt a while I craue.
Heere in this place neere to this fort, for that I weary am
With trauell, ſince from killing of the Serpent late I came: *Heere let him*
Lo heere a while I mind to reſt, and *Bryan* then ſubdue, *ſit downe and*
And then to *Alexanders* court, to keepe my promiſe true. *reſt himſelfe.*

Enter Bryan ſance foy, and Shift.

Bryan. Come Knowledge, for here he lyes layd weary on the ground:
Shift. Nay, ile not come in his ſight, if you would giue me a thouſand pound.
For he is the terribleſt Knight of any you haue heard ſpoke,
Heele beare a hundreth ſuch as you and I am downe at one ſtroke.
Bryan. Tuſh, feare thou naught at all, I haue charmed him, and he is faſt aſleepe,
Lying neere vnto the Caſtle here which I do keepe.
And ten dayes in this ſleepe I haue charm'd him to remaine,

Before

Before nature ſhall ouercome it, that he might wake againe.
In the meane ſeaſon, lo behold the Serpents head ile take away,
His ſhield and his apparell, this done, then will I conuay
His body into priſon, with other his companions to lye,
Whoſe ſtrengths, ah knowledge, I durſt neuer attempt to try.

Shift. Ah handle him ſoftly, or elſe you wil cauſe him to awake:

Bryan. Tuſh, tuſh, not if all the noyſe in the world I were able to make,
Till ten dayes be expired, the charme will not leaue him,
And then I am ſure he will maruell who did thus deceiue him:
So now he is ſtripped, ſtay thou here for a ſeaſon,
And ile go fetch two of my ſeruants to cary him into priſon.

Exit.

Shift. Well do ſo maiſter *Bryan*, and for your comming ile ſtay,
Gogs bloud what a villaine am I my maiſter to betray.
Nay ſure ile awake him if it be poſſible ere they carry him to iayle:
Maiſter, what maiſter, awake man, what maiſter, ah it will not preuaile.
Am not I worthie to be hangd, was euer ſeene ſuch a deceitfull knaue?
What villany was in me, when vnto *Bryan* vnderſtanding I gaue
Of my maiſters being in this forreſt, but much I muſe indeed
What he meanes to do with my maiſters apparell, his ſhield and the head?
Well, ſeeing it is through my villany, my maiſter is at this drift,
Yet when he is in priſon, *Shift* ſhall not be voide of a ſhift
To get him away, but if it euer come to his eare
That I was the occaſion of it, heele hang me thats cleare.
Well heere comes *Bryan*, ile cloke with him if I may,
To haue the keeping of my maiſter in priſon night and day.

Enter Bryan ſance foy, *two ſeruants.*

Bryan. Come ſirs take vp this body, and cary it into the appointed place,
And there let it lye, for as yet he ſhall ſleepe ten dayes ſpace.

Shift. How ſay you maiſter *Bryan*, ſhall I of him haue the garde?

Bryan. By my troth policie, thy good will to reward
In hope of thy iuſt ſeruice, content I agree *Cary him out.*
For to reſigne the keeping of this ſame Knight vnto thee.
But giue me thy hand that thou wilt deceiue me neuer:

Shift. Heres my hand, charme, inchant, make a ſpider catcher of me, if I be falſe to you euer.

Bryan. Well

Bryan. Well then come follow after me, and the gard of him thou ſhalt haue.

Exit.

Shift. A thouſand thanks I giue you, this is all the promotion I craue:
Ah ſirrah, little knowes *Bryan*, that *Clamydes* my maiſter is,
But to ſet him free from priſon I entend not to miſs:
Yet ſtill in my mind, I can do no other but muſe,
What practiſe with my maiſters apparell and ſhell he will vſe:
Well, ſeeing I haue played the craftie knaue with the one, ile play it with the other:
Subtill *Shift* for aduantage, will deceiue his owne brother.

Exit.

Here let them make a noyſe as though they were Marriners.
And after Clyomon *Knight of G. S.*
come in with one.

Clyo. Ah ſet me to ſhore ſirs, in what countrey ſo euer we bee.
Shiftmas. Well hayle out the Cockboate, ſeeing ſo ſicke we do him ſee,
Strike ſayle, caſt Ankers, till we haue rigd our Ship againe,
For neuer were we in ſuch ſtormes before, thats plaine.

Enter Clyomomon, *Boate ſwaine.*

Clyo. Ah Boateſwaine, gramercies for thy ſetting me to ſhore.
Boatſwaine. Truly Gentleman we were neuer in the like tempeſts before.
Clyo. What countrey is this wherein now we be?
Boateſ. Sure the Ile of ſtrange Marſhes, as our maiſter told to me.
Clyo. How far is it from *Macedonia*, canſt thou declare?
Boateſ. More then twentie dayes ſayling, and if the weather were faire.
Clyo. Ah cruell hap of Fortunes ſpite, which ſigned this luck to me:
What Pallace Boateſwaine is this ſame, canſt thou declare, we ſee?
Boateſ. There King *Patranius* keepes his Court, ſo farre as I do geſſe,
And by this traine of Ladyes heere, I ſure can iudge no leſſe.

Exit.

Clyo. Well *Boateſwaine*, theres for thy paines, and here vpon the ſhore
Ile lie to reſt my wearie bones, of thee I craue no more.

Enter Neronis *daughter to* Patranius, *King of the ſtrange Marſhes, two Lords, two Ladies.*

Neronis. My Lords, come will it pleaſe you walk abroad to take the pleaſant ayre?

According to our wonted vſe, in fields both freſh and faire,
My Ladies here I know right well, will not gainſay the ſame.
1. *Lord.* Nor we ſure for to pleaſure you, *Neronis* noble Dame.
Nero. Yes yes, men they loue intreatie much, before they will be wonne.
2. *Lo.* No Princes that hath womens natures beene, ſince firſt the world begunne.
Nero. So you ſay.
1. *Lo.* We boldly may,
Vnder correction of your grace.
Nero. Well, will it pleaſe you forth to trace,
That when we haue of fragrant fields, the dulcet fumes obtained,
We may vnto the Sea ſide go, whereas is to be gained,
More ſtraunger ſights among *Neptunes* waues, in ſeeing Ships to ſaile,
Which paſſe here by my fathers ſhore, with merrie weſterne gaile.
1. *Lo.* We ſhall your highneſſe leade the way to fields erſt ſpoke before.
Nero. Do ſo, and as we do returne weele come hard by the ſhore.

Exeunt.

Clyo. What greater griefe can grow to gripe, the heart of greeued wight,
Then thus to ſee fell *Fortune* ſhe, to hold his ſtate in ſpight.
Ah cruell chance, ah luckleſſe lot, to me poore wretch aſſign'd,
Was euer ſeene ſuch contraries, by fraudulent Goddeſſe blind.
To any one ſaue onely I, imparted for to be,
To animate the mind of any man, did euer *Fortune* ſhe
Showe forth her ſelfe ſo cruell bent, as thus to keepe me backe,
From pointed place by weather driuen, my ſorrowes more to ſacke.
Ah fatall hap, herein alas, what furder ſhall I ſay?
Since I am forced for to breake, mine oath and pointed day,
Before King *Alexanders* grace, *Clamydes* will be there:
And I through Fortunes cruell ſpight, oppreſt with ſickneſſe here:
For now within two dayes it is that we ſhould meete togither,
Woe worth the wind and raging ſtormes, alas that brought me hither.
Now will *Clamides* me accuſe, a faithleſſe knight to be,
And deke report, that cowardlineſſe did dant the heart of me.
The worthy praiſe that I haue wonne, through fame ſhall be defaced,
The name of the Knight of the Golden Sheeld, alas ſhall be defaced:
Before that noble Prince of might, whereas *Clamydes* he

Will

Will ſhowe himſelfe in Combat wiſe, for to exclaime on me,
For breaking of my poynted day, and *Clyomon* to thy greefe,
Now art thou in a countrey ſtrange, cleane voyd of all releefe:
Oppreſt with ſickneſſe through the rage of ſtormie blaſts and cold,
Ah death come with thy direfull Mace, for longer to vnfold
My ſorrowes here it booteth not yet *Clyomon* do ſtay,
The Ladies loe, comes towards thee, that walkt the other way.

Enter Neronis, *two Lords, two Ladies.*

Nero. Come faire dames, ſith that we haue in fragrant fields obtained,
Of dulcet flowers the pleaſant ſmell, and that theſe knights diſdained
Not to beare vs company, our walke more large to make,
Here by the ſea of ſurging waues, our home returne weele make.
My Lords therefore do keepe your way.

1. *Lo.* As it pleaſe your grace, we ſhall obey,
But behold Madame, what wofull wight, here in our way before,
As ſeemeth very ſicke to me, doth lie vpon the ſhore.

Nero. My Lords, lets know the cauſe of greefe, whereof he is oppreſſed:
That if he be a knight, it may by ſome meanes be redreſſed.
Faire ſir well met, why lie you here? what is your cauſe of griefe?

Clyo. O Lady, ſickneſſe by the Sea, hath me oppreſt in briefe.

Nero. Of truth my Lords, his countenance bewrayes him for to bee,
In health, of valiant heart and mind, and eke of hye degree.

2. *Lo.* It doth no leſſe then ſo import, O Princes as you ſay.

Nero. Of whence are you? or whats your name? you wander forth this way.

Clyo. Of ſmall valure O Lady faire, alas my name it is,
And for not telling of the ſame, hath brought me vnto this.

Nero. Why, for what cauſe ſir Knight, ſhuld you not expreſſe your name?

Clyo. Becauſe O Lady I haue vowed, contrary to the ſame.
But where I trauell Lady faire, in Citie, Towne or field,
I am called, and do beare by name, the knight of the Golden Shield.

Ne. Are you that knight of the Golde ſheeld, of whom ſuch fame doth goe?

Clyo. I am that ſelfe ſame knight faire dame, as here my Sheeld doth ſho.

Nero. Ah worthy then of helpe indeed, my Lords aſſiſt I pray,
And to my lodging in the court, ſee that you him conuey,

For certainly within my minde, his ſtate is much deplored,
But do diſpaire in nought ſir knight, for you ſhall be reſtored,
If Phiſicke may your greeſe redreſſe, for I *Neronis* loe,
Daughter to *Patranius* king, for that which fame doth ſhoe,
Vpon your acts, will be your friend, as after you ſhall proue.
1. Lo. In doing ſo you ſhall haue need of mightie Ioue aboue.
Clyo. O Princes, if I euer be to health reſtord againe,
Your faithfull ſeruant day and night, I vow here to remaine.
Nero. Well my Lords, come after me, do bring him I require:
Ambo. We ſhall O Princes willingly accompliſh your deſire.

Exeunt.

Enter Bryan ſance foy, *hauing* Clamydes *his apparell on his Sheeld, and the Serpents head.*

Bry. Ah ſirrah, now is the ten dayes full expired, wherein *Clamydes* he,
Shall wake out of his charmed ſleepe, as ſhortly you ſhall ſee:
But here I haue what I deſired, his Sheeld, his coat and head,
To *Denmarke* will I ſtraight prepare, and there preſent with ſpeed,
The ſame to *Iulianas* grace, as in *Clamydes* name,
Whereby I am aſſur'd, I ſhall enioy that noble Dame.
For why *Clamydes* he is ſafe, for euer being free,
And vnto knowledge is he left, here garded for to bee:
But no man knowes of my pretence, ne whither I am gone,
For ſecretly from Caſtle I, haue ſtolne this night alone
In this order as you ſee, in the attire of a noble knight,
But yet poore *Bryan*, ſtill thy heart holds courage in deſpight.
Well, yet the old prouerbe to diſproue, I purpoſe to begin,
Which alwayes ſayth, that cowardly hearts, faire Ladies neuer win.
Shall I not *Iuliana* win, and who hath a cowardlyer hart,
Yet for to brag and boaſt it out, ile will none take my part.
For *I* can looke both grim and fierce, as though *I* were of might,
And yet three Frogs out of a buſh, my heart did ſo affright,
That *I* fell dead almoſt therewith, well, cowardly as *I* am,
Farewell Forreſt, for now *I* will in knight *Clamydes* name,
To *Denmarke* to preſent this head, to *Iuliana* bright,
Who ſhall a cowardly daſtard wed, in ſteed of a worthy knight.

Exit.

Enter

Enter Shift *with ſword and target.*

Shift. Be your leaue I came vp ſo early this morning that I cannot
ſee my way,
I am ſure its ſcarce yet in the breake of the day.
But you muſe I am ſure wherefore theſe weapons I bring,
Well, liſten vnto my tale, and you ſhall know euery thing.
Becauſe I played the ſhifting knaue, to ſaue my ſelfe from harme,
And by my procurement, my maiſter was brought in this charme.
The ten dayes are exſpir'd, and this morning he ſhall awake,
And now like a craftie knaue, to the priſon my way will I take,
With theſe ſame weapons, as though I would fight to ſet him free,
Which will giue occaſion that he ſhall miſtruſt, there was no deceit in mee.
And hauing the charge of him, here vnder *Bryan ſance foy*,
Ile open the priſon doores, and make as though I did imploy
To do it by force, through good will, and onely for his ſake,
Then ſhall *Clamydes* being at liberty, the weapons of me take,
And ſet vpon *Bryan* and all his men, now that they are a ſleepe,
And ſo be reuenged, for that he did him keepe
By charme in this order, ſo ſhall they both deceiued be,
And yet vpon neither part miſtruſt towards me.
Well, neere to the priſon ile draw, to ſee if he be awake,
Harke, harke, this ſame is he, that his lamentation doth make.

Clamydes in priſon. Ah fatall hap, where am I wretch, in what diſtreſſed cace,
Bereft of *Tyro*, head and ſheeld, not knowing in what place
My body is, ah heauenly gods, was ere ſuch ſtraungenes ſeene?
What do I dreame? or am I ſtill within the forreſt greene?
Dreame? no, no, alas I dreame not I, my ſenſes all do faile,
The ſtraungenes of this cruell hap, doth make my hart to quaile.
Clamydes ah by fortune ſhe, what froward luck and fate
Moſt cruelly aſſigned is, vnto thy noble ſtate?
Where ſhould I be, or in what place hath deſteny aſſignd
My ſely corps for want of foode and comfort to be pind.
Ah farewell hope of purchaſing my lady, ſince is loſt,
The Serpents head whereby I ſhould poſſeſſe that iewell moſt.
Ah farewell hope of honour eke, now ſhall I breake my day
Before king *Alexanders* grace, whereon my faith doth ſtay.

And ſhall I be found a faithleſſe Knight, fye on fell fortune ſhe,
Which hath her wheele of froward chance, thus whirled back on me.
Ah farewell King of *Swauia* land, ah farewell *Denmarke* dame,
Farewell thou Knight of the golden Sheeld, to thee ſhall reſt all fame.
To me this direfull deſteny, to thee I know renowne,
To me the blaſt of ignomy, to thee dame honours crowne.
Ah hateſull hap, what ſhall I ſay, I ſee the gods hath ſigned
Through cruelty my carefull corps, in priſon to be pined.
And nought alas amates me ſo, but that I know not where I am,
Nor how into this dolefull place my wofull body came.
Shift. Alas good *Clamydes*, in what an admiration is he,
Not knowing in what place his body ſhould be.
Clamy. Who nameth poore *Clamydes* there? reply to him againe,
Shift. And ſhall pleaſe you I am your ſeruant Knowledge, which in a thouſand woes for you remaine.
Clamy. Ah Knowledge where am I declare and be briefe.
Shift. Where are you? faith euen in the Caſtle of that falſe theeſe *Bryan ſance foy*, againſt whome to fight and ſet you free,
Looke out at the windowe, behold I haue brought tooles with mee.
Clamy. Ah Knowledge, then cowardly that caitife did me charme.
Shift. Yea, or elſe he could neuer haue done you any harme.
But be of good cheere, for ſuch a ſhift I haue made,
That the keyes of the priſon I haue got, your ſelfe perſwade:
Wherewith this morning I am come to ſet you free,
And as they lye in their beds, you may murder *Bryan* and his men, and ſet all other at libertie.
Clamy. Ah Knowledge, this hath me bound to be thy friend for euer:
Shift. A true ſeruant you may ſee will deceiue his maiſter neuer.
So the doores are open, now come and follow after me. *Enter out.*
Clamy. Ah heauens, in what caſe my ſelfe do I ſee:
But ſpeake Knowledge, canſt thou tell how long haue I bene heere?
Shift. Theſe ten dayes full, and ſleeping ſtill, this ſentence is moſt cleere.
Clamy. Alas, then this ſame is the day the which appointed was
By the Knight of the golden Sheeld to me, that combat ours ſhould paſſe
Before king *Alexanders* grace, and there I know he is,
Ah cruell Fortune why ſhouldſt thou thus wreſt my chance amis:

Knowing

Knowing I do but honour ſeeke, and thou doeſt me defame,
In that contrary mine exſpect, thou all things ſeekes to frame.
The faith and loyaltie of a knight thou cauſeſt me to breake,
Ah hatefull dame, why ſhouldſt thou thus thy fury on me wreake.
Now will king *Alexander* iudge the thing in me to bee,
The which ſince firſt I armes could beare, no wight did euer ſee.
But knowledge giue from thee to me, thoſe weapons that I may
Vpon that *Bryan* be reueng'd, which cowardly did betray
Me of my things, and heere from thrall all other knights ſet free,
Whome he by charme did bring in bale, as erſt he did by mee.
Come, into his lodging will I go, and challenge him and his. *Exit.*

Shift. Do ſo, and to follow I will not mis.
Ah ſirra, here was a ſhift according to my nature and condition,
And a thouſand ſhifts more I haue, to put my ſelfe out of ſuſpition.
But it doth me good to thinke how that cowardly knaue *Bryan ſance foy*
Shall be taken in the ſnare, my hart doth euen leape for ioy.
Harke, harke, my maiſter is amongſt them, but let him ſhift as he can,
For not to deale with a dog, he ſhall haue help of his man. *Exeunt.*

Enter after a little fight within, Clamydes *three Knights.*

Clamy. Come, come ſir Knights, for ſo vnfortunate was neuer none as I,
That I ſhould ioy that is my ioy, the heauens themſelues deny.
That cowardly wretch that kept you here, and did me ſo deceiue,
Is fled away and hath the Sheeld, the which my Lady gaue
To me in token of her loue, the Serpents head like caſe,
For which this mine aduenture was, to winne her noble grace.

1 *Knight.* And ſure that ſame th'occaſion was, why we aduentred hether.

Clamy. Well, ſith I haue you deliuered, when as you pleaſe together
Each one into his natiue ſoile his iourney do prepare,
For though that I haue broke my day as erſt I did declare,
Through this moſt cowardly catifes charmes, in meeting of the Knight,
Which of the golden Sheeld beares name, to know elſe what he hight:
I will to *Alexanders* court, and if that thence he be,
Yet will I ſeeke to finde him out, leaſt he impute to me
Some cauſe of cowardlineſſe to be, and therefore ſir Knights depart,
As to my ſelfe I wiſh to you with feruent zeale of hart:
Yet if that any one of you do meete this Knight by way

What

What was the cauſe of this my let, let him perſtand I pray.

Omnes. We ſhall not miſſe ô noble Knight, to accompliſh this your will.

Exeunt.

Clamy. Well then adue ſir Knights each one, the gods protect you ſtill.
What knowledge ho, where art thou man? come forth that hence we may.

Shift within. Where am I? faith breaking open of cheſts here within, for ile haue the ſpoile of all away.

Clamy. Tuſh, tuſh, I pray thee come that hence we may, no riches thou ſhalt lacke.

Shift with a bag as it were full of gold on his backe. I come now with as much money as I am able to carry of my backe. A there was neuer poore aſſe ſo loden, but how now, that cowardly *Bryan* haue you ſlaine?
And your Sheeld, the Serpents head, and coate, haue you againe?

Clamy. Ah no knowledge, the knights that here were captiues kept, they are by me at libertie,
But that falſe *Bryan* this ſame night, is fled away for certaintie.
And hath all things he tooke from me, conuayed where none doth know.

Shift. O the bones of me, how will you then do for the Serpents head to *Iuliana* to ſhow?

Clamy. I haue no other hope alas, but onely that her grace
Will credit giue vnto my words, when as I ſhew my cace
How they were loſt, but firſt ere I vnto that dame returne,
Ile ſeeke the knight of the golden Sheeld, whereas he doth ſoiourne,
To accompliſh what my father wild, and therefore come away. *Exit.*

Shift. Well, keepe on before, for I mind not to ſtay.
A ſirra, the craftier knaue, the better lucke, thats plaine,
I haue ſuch a deale of ſubſtance here, where *Bryans* men are ſlaine,
That it paſſeth. O that I had while for to ſtay,
I could lode a hundreth carts full of kitchingſtuffe away.
Well, its not beſt to tary too long behinde, leſt my maiſter ouer-go,
And then ſome knaue knowing of my money, a peece of coſonage ſho.

Exit.

Enter Neronis.

Neronis. How can that tree but withered be
That wanteth ſap to moiſt the roote?

How

How can that Vine but waſte and pine,
Whoſe plants are troden vnder foote?
How can that ſpray but ſoone decay,
That is with wild weeds ouergrowne?
How can that wight in ought delight
Which ſhowes, and hath no good will ſhowne?
Or elſe how can that heart alaſſe,
But die by whom each ioy doth paſſe?
Neronis, ah *I* am the Tree, which wanteth ſap to moyſt the roote.
Neronis, ah *I* am the vine, whoſe Plants are troden vnder foote.
I am the ſpray which doth decay, and is with wild weeds ouergrowne,
I am the wight without delight, which ſhows, and hath no good will ſhowne.
Mine is the heart by whom alas, each pleaſant ioy doth paſſe.
Mine is the heart which vades away, as doth the flower or graſſe.
*I*n wanting ſap to moyſt the roote, is ioyes that made me glad,
And plants being troden vnder foote, is pleaſures that was had.
I am the ſpray which doth decay, whom cares haue ouergrowne,
But ſtay *Neronis*, thou ſaiſt thou ſhoweſt, and hath no good will ſhowne:
Why ſo *I* do, how can *I* tell, *Neronis* force no crueltie
Thou ſeeſt thy knight endued is, with all good gifts of courteſie:
And doth *Neronis* loue indeed, to whom loue doth ſhe yeeld,
Euen to that noble brute of fame, the knight of the golden Sheeld.
Ah wofull Dame, thou knoweſt not thou, of what degree he is,
Of noble bloud his geſters ſhowe, *I* am aſſured of this.
Why belike he is ſome runnagate that will not ſhow his name,
Ah why ſhould I this allegate, he is of noble fame.
Why doſt thou not expreſſe thy loue, to him *Neronis* then?
Becauſe ſhamefaſtneſſe and womanhood, bids vs not ſeeke to men.
Ah carefull Dame loe thus *I* ſtand, as twere one in a trance,
And lacketh boldneſſe for to ſpeake, which ſhould my words aduance:
The knight of the Golden Sheeld it is, to whom a thrall *I* am,
Whom *I* to health reſtored haue, ſince that to court he cam.
And now he is preſt to paſſe againe, vpon his wearie way,
Vnto the Court of *Alexander*, yet hath he broke his day,
As he to me the whole expreſt, ah ſight that doth me greeue,
Loe where he comes to paſſe away, of me to take his leaue.

Enter Clyomon.

Clyo. Who hath more cauſe to praiſe the Gods, then I whoſe ſtate deplored?
Through phiſicke and *Neronis* helpe, to health am now reſtored:
Whoſe feruent thrall I am become, yet vrgent cauſes dooth
Conſtraine me for to keepe it cloſe, and not to put in proofe
What I might do to winne her loue, as firſt my oath and vow,
In keeping of my name vnknowne, which ſhe will not allow,
If I ſhould ſeeme to breake my minde, being a Princes borne,
To yeeld her loue to one vnknowne, I know ſheele thinke it ſcorne:
Beſides here longer in this Court, alas I may not ſtay,
Although that with *Clamydes* he, I haue not kept my day:
Leaſt this he ſhould ſuppoſe in me, for cowardlineſſe of hart,
To ſeeke him out elſewhere, I will from out this Land depart.
Yet though vnto *Neronis* ſhe, I may not ſhew my mind,
A faithfull heart when I am gone, with her I leaue behind.
Whoſe bountiouſneſſe I here haue felt, but ſince I may not ſtay,
I will to take my leaue of her, before I paſſe away.
Loe where ſhe walkes, O Princeſſe well met, why are you here ſo ſad?

Ne. Good cauſe *I* haue, ſince pleaſures paſſe, the which ſhuld make me glad.

Clyo. What you ſhould meane, O Princeſſe deare, hereby *I* do not know.

Nero. Then liſten to my talke a while, Sir Knight and *I* will ſhow.
If caſe you will reaunſwere me, my queſtion to obſolue,
The which propound within my mind, doth oftentimes reuolue.

Clyo. *I* will O Princes anſwere you as aptly as *I* may.

Nero. Well then Sir Knight, apply your eares, and liſten wha- *I* ſay:
A ſhip that ſtormes had toſſed long, amidſt the mounting waues,
Where harbour none was to be had, fell Fortune ſo depraues:
Through ill ſucceſſe that ſhip of hope, that Ancors hold doth faile,
Yet at the laſt ſhees driuen to land, with broken Maſt and ſaile:
And through the force of furious wind, and Billowes bounſing blowes,
She is a ſimple ſhipwracke made, in euery point God knowes.
Now this ſame ſhip by chance being found, the finders take ſuch paine,
That fit to ſaile vpon the Seas, they rig her vp againe.
And where ſhe was through ſtorms ſore ſhakt, they make her whole & ſoūd
Now anſwere me directly here, vpon this my propound.

If

If this ſame ſhip thus rent and torne, being brought in former rate,
Should not ſupply the finders true to profit his eſtate
In what ſhe might.

Clyo. Herein a right,
I will O Princeſſe as *I* may, directly anſwere you.
This ſhip thus found, *I* put the caſe it hath an owner now,
Which owner ſhall ſufficiently content the finders charge:
And haue againe to ſerue his vſe, his ſhip, his boate or barge.
The ſhip then cannot ſerue the turne of finders, this is plaine,
If caſe the owner do content, or pay him for his paine:
But otherwiſe if none lay claime, nor ſeeme that ſhip to ſtay,
Then is it requiſit it ſhould, the finders paines repay:
For ſuch endeuour as it is to ſerue for his behooſe.

Nero. What owner truly that it hath, *I* haue no certaine proofe.

Clyo. Then can *I* not define thereof, but thus *I* wiſh it were,
That you would me accept to be, that ſhip O Lady faire:
And you the finder, then it ſhould be needleſſe for to mooue,
If I the ſhip, of dutie ought to ſerue at your behooue.

Nero. Thou art the ſhip O worthy Knight, ſo ſhiuered found by mee.

Clyo. And owner haue *I* none deare dame, *I* yeeld me whole to thee:
For as this ſhip *I* muſt confeſſe, that was a ſhipwrack made,
Thou haſt reſtored me vnto health, whom ſickneſſe cauſd to vade,
For which I yeeld O Princeſſe deare, at pleaſure thine to be,
If your grace, O noble Dame, will ſo accept of me.

Nero. *If* caſe *I* will, what haue you ſhowne?

Clyo. Becauſe *I* am to you vnknowne.

Nero. Your fame importeth what you be.

Clyo. You may your pleaſure ſay of me.

Nero. What I haue ſaid due proofe do ſhowe.

Clyo. Well Lady deare, to thee *I* owe
More ſeruice then of dutie *I* am able to profeſſe,
For that thou didſt preſerue my life amidſt my deepe diſtreſſe:
But at this time *I* may not ſtay, O Lady here with thee,
Thou knoweſt the cauſe, but this *I* vow within three ſcore dayes to bee,
If deſtinie reſtraine me not, at Court with thee againe,
Proteſting whileſt that life doth laſt, thine faithfull to remaine.

Nero. And is there then no remedie, but needs you will depart?

Clyo. No Princeſſe for a certaintie, but here I leaue my hart,
In gage with thee till my returne, which as I ſaid ſhall be:

Nero. Well, ſith no perſwaſion may preuaile, this Iewell take of me,
And keepe it alwayes for my ſake.

Clyo. Of it a deare account ile make, yet let vs part deare Dame with ioy,
And to do the ſame I will my ſelfe imploy.

Nero. Well now adieu till thy returne, the Gods thy iourney guide. *Exit.*

Clyo. And happily in abſence mine, for thee deare Dame prouide:
Ah *Clyomon* let dolours die, driue daunts from out thy mind,
Since in the ſight of *Fortune* now, ſuch fauour thou doſt find,
As for to haue the loue of her whom thou didſt ſooner iudge,
Would haue denied thy loyaltie, and gainſt thy good will grudge,
But that I may here keepe my day, you ſacred Gods prouide,
Moſt happie fate vnto my ſtate, and thus my iourney guide:
The which I tempt to take in hand *Clamydes* for to meete:
That the whole cauſe of my fiſt let, to him I may repeate.
So ſhall I ſeeme for to excuſe my ſelfe in way of right,
And not be counted of my foe, a falſe periured Knight. *Exit.*

Enter Thraſellus *King of* Norway, *two Lords.*

Thra. Where deepe deſire hath taken roote, my Lords alas you ſee,
How that perſwaſion booteth not, if contrarie it be
Vnto the firſt expected hope, where fancie hath take place,
And vaine it is for to withdraw, by counſell in that caſe:
The mind who with affection is, to one onely thing affected,
The which may not till dint of death, from them be ſure reiected:
You know my Lords through fame, what force of loue hath taken place,
Within my breaſt as touching now *Neronis* noble grace,
Daughter to *Patranius* King, who doth the Sceptet ſway:
And in the Ile of Marſhes eke, beare rule now at this day.
Through loue of daughter his, my ſorrowes daily grow,
And daily dolours do me daunt for that alas I ſhow
Such Friendſhip whereas fauour none, is to be found againe:
And yet from out my carefull mind, nought may her loue reſtraine.
I ſent to craue her of the king, he anſwered me with nay:
But ſhall I not prouide by force to fetch her thence away?

Yes

Yes, yes, my Lords, and therefore let your aydes be preſt with mine,
For I will ſure *Neronis* haue, or elſe my dayes ile pine.
For King *Patranius* and his power, I hold of ſmall account,
To winne his daughter to my ſpouſe, amids his men ile mount.
1 *Lord.* Moſt worthy Prince, this raſh attempt, I hold not for the beſt,
For ſure *Patranius* power is great, and not to be ſuppreſt.
For why, the ile enuirond is, with ſea on euery ſide,
And landing place lo is there none, whereas you may haue tide
To ſet your men from ſhip to ſhore, but by one onely way,
And in that place a gariſon great, he keepeth at this day.
So that if you ſhould bring your power, your trauell were in vaine,
That is not certainly the way, *Neronis* for to gaine.
But this your grace may do indeed, and ſo I count it beſt,
To be in all points with a Ship, moſt like a Merchant preſt:
And ſaile with ſuch as you thinke beſt, all dreſt in Merchants guiſe,
And for to get her to your Ship, ſome ſecret meane deuiſe,
By ſhewing of ſtrange Merchandies, or other ſuch like thing,
Lo this is beſt aduiſe I can, *Thraſſellus* Lord and King.
2 *Lord.* And certainly as you haue ſayd, my Lord it is the way,
Wherefore ô King, do proſecute the ſame without delay.
Thraſell. Of truth my Lords this your aduiſe doth for our purpoſe frame,
Come therefore let vs hence depart, to put in vre the ſame
With preſent ſpeed, for Merchant-wiſe my ſelfe will thither ſaile:
1 *Lord.* This is the way if any be, of purpoſe to preuaile.

Exeunt.

Enter Clyomon *with a Knight, ſignifying one of thoſe that* Clamydes *had deliuered.*

Clyomon. Sir Knight, of truth this fortune was moſt luckely aſſignd,
That we ſhould meete in trauell thus, for thereby to my mind
You haue a caſtle of comfort brought, in that you haue me told,
Clamydes our appointed day, no more then I did hold.
Knight. No certis ſir he kept not day, the cauſe I haue expreſſed,
Through that inchanter *Bryans* charmes, he came full ſore diſtreſſed:
Yet fortune fauored ſo his ſtate, that through his help all wee
Which captiues were through cowardly craft, from bondage were ſet free:
And at our parting willed vs, if any with you met,

We ſhould informe you with the truth what was his onely let.

Clyomon. Well, know you where he abideth now, ſir Knight I craue of curteſie?

Knight. No queſtionleſſe I know not I, to ſay it of a certaintie.

Clyomon. Well then adue ſir Knight with thanks, I let you on your way:

Knight. Vnto the gods I you commit, nought elſe I haue to ſay. *Exit.*

Clyomon. A ſirra, now the hugie heapes of cares that lodged in my mind
Is skaled from their neſtling place, and pleaſures paſſage find.
For that as well as *Clyomon, Clamydes* broke his day,
Vpon which newes my paſſage now in ſeeking him ile ſtay:
And to *Neronis* back againe, my ioyfull iourney make,
Leaſt that ſhe ſhould in abſence mine, ſome cauſe of ſorrow take.
And now all dumps of deadly dole, that danted knightly breſt,
A due, ſince ſalue of ſolace ſweete, hath ſorrowes all ſuppreſt.
For that *Clamydes* cannot brag, nor me accuſe in ought,
Vnto the gods of deſtenies, that thus our fates hath brought
In equall ballance to be wayed, due praiſes ſhall I ſend,
That thus to way each cauſe aright, their eyes to earth did bend.
Well, to keepe my day with Lady now, I mind not to be ſlack,
Wherefore vnto *Patranius* court, ile dreſſe my iourney back.
But ſtay, me thinks I *Rumor* heare throughout this land to ring,
I will attend his talke, to know what tidings he doth bring.

Enter Rumor *running.*

Ye rowling Clowdes giue *Rumor* roome, both ayre and earth below,
By ſea and land, that euery eare may vnderſtand and know,
What wofull hap is chaunced now within the ile of late,
Which of ſtrange Marſhes beareth name, vnto the nobleſt ſtate.
Neronis daughter to the King, by the King of Norway he,
Within a ſhip of Marchandiſe, conuayed away is ſhe.
The King with ſorow for her ſake, hath to death reſignd,
And hauing left his Queene with child, to guide the realme behind.
Muſtantius brother to the King, from her the Crowne would take,
But till ſhe be deliuered, the Lords did order make,
That they before King *Alexander*, thither comming ſhould appeale,
And he by whom they hold the Crowne, therein ſhould rightly deale
For either part, lo this to tell, I *Rumor* haue in charge,

And

And through all lands *I* do pretend, to publiſh it at large. *Exit.*

Clyomon. Ah wofull *Rumor* raunging thus, what tidings do *I* heare,
Hath that falſe King of Norway ſtolne my loue and Lady deare?
Ah hart, ah hand, ah head and mind, and euery ſence beſide,
To ſerue your maiſters turne in need, do euery one prouide.
For till that *I* reuenged be vpon that wretched king,
And haue againe my Lady deare, and her from Norway bring,
I vow this body takes no reſt, ah fortune fickle dame,
That canſt make glad and ſo ſoone ſad, a Knight of worthie fame.
But what ſhould *I* delay the time, now that my deare is gone?
Auaileth ought to eaſe my griefe, to make this penſiue mone?
No, no, wherefore come courage to my hart, and happie hands prepare,
For of that wretched King *I* will wreake all my ſorow and care.
And mauger all the might he may, be able for to make,
By force of armes my lady I, from him and his will take. *Exit.*

Enter Clamydes *and* Shift, *with his bag of money ſtill.*

Clamy. Come knowledge, thou art much to blame, thus for to lode thy ſelf
To make thee on thy way diſeaſed, with carying of that pelfe.
But now take courage vnto thee, for to that ile I will,
Which of ſtrange Marſhes called is, for fame declareth ſtill
The Knight of the golden Sheeld is there, and in the court abideth,
Thither will I him to meete, whatſoeuer me betideth:
And know his name, as thou canſt tell my father charged me,
Or elſe no more his princely court nor perſon for to ſee.
Come therefore, that vnto that ile we may our iourney take,
And afterwards hauing met with him, our viage for to make:
To Denmarke to my Lady there, to ſhew her all my caee,
And then to *Swauia* if her I haue, vnto my fathers grace.

Shift. Nay but and ſhall pleaſe you, are you ſure the Knight of the golden Sheeld in the ile of ſtrange Marſhes is?

Clamy. I was informed credibly, I warrant thee we ſhall not miſs.
Exit.

Shift. Then keepe on your way, ile follow as faſt as I can,
Faith he euen meanes to make a martris of poore *Shift* his man.
And I am ſo tied to this bag of gold I got at *Bryan ſance foyes*,
That I tell you where this is, there all my ioy is:

But I am ſo weary, ſometimes with ryding, ſometimes with running,
And other times going a foote:
That when I came to my lodging at night, to bring me a woman it is no (boote.
And ſuch care I take for this pelfe, leaſt I ſhould it loſe,
That where I come, that it is gold, for my life I dare not diſcloſe.
Well after my maiſter I muſt, heeres nothing ſtil but running and ryding:
But ile giue him the ſlip ſure, if I once come where I may haue quiet biding.
Exit.

Enter Neronis *in the Forreſt, in mans apparell.*

Ne. As Hare the Hound, as Lambe the Wolfe, as foule the Fawcons dint,
So do I flie from tyrant he, whoſe heart more hard then flint
Hath ſackt on me ſuch hugie heapes of ſeaceles ſorrowes here,
That ſure it is intollerable, the torments that I beare:
Neronis, ah who knoweth thee, a Princes to be borne,
Since fatall Gods ſo frowardly, thy fortune doth adorne:
Neronis, ah who knoweth her, in painfull Pages ſhow?
But no good Lady wil me blame, which of my caſe doth know:
But rather when they heare the truth, wherefore I am diſguiſed,
Thaile ſay it is an honeſt ſhift, the which I haue deuiſed:
Since I haue giuen my faith and troth to ſuch a brute of fame,
As is the knight of the Golden Shield, and tyrants ſeekes to frame
Their engins to detract our vowes, as the king of Norway hath,
Who of all Princes liuing now, I finde deuoyd of faith:
For like a wolfe in lambes skin clad, he commeth with his aide,
All Marchant like to fathers Court, and ginneth to perſwade
That he had precious iewels bought, which in his ſhip did lye,
Whereof he wild me take my choyce, if caſe I would them buy:
Then I miſtruſting no deceit, with handmaids one or two
With this deceitfull Marchant then vnto the ſhip did go.
No ſooner were we vnder hatch, but vp they hoyſt their ſaile,
And hauing then to ſerue their turne, a mery Weſterne gaile:
We were laſht out from the hauen, lo a doſen leagues and more,
When ſtill I thought the Barke had bene, at anker by the ſhore:
But being brought by Norway here, not long in Court I was,
But that to get from thence away, I brought this feate to paſſe:
For making ſemblance vnto him as though I did him loue,
He gaue me libertie, or ought that ſeru'd for my behoue:

And

And hauing libertie, I wrought by ſuch a ſecret ſlight,
That in this tyre like to a page, I ſcapt away by night.
But ah I feare that by purſute, he wil me ouertake,
Well here entreth one, to whom ſome ſute for ſeruice I wil make.

Enter Corin *a Shepheard.*

Cor. Gos bones turne in that ſheep there and you be good fellowes,
Ieſu how cham beraide,
Chaue a cur here, an a were my vellow, cha muſt him conſwade, (chil,
And yet an cha ſhould kiſſe, looke you of the arſe, cha muſt run my ſelfe, an
An cha ſhould entreat him with my cap in my hand ha wad ſtand ſtil.
But tis a world to zee what mery liues we ſhepheards lead,
Why where Gentlemen and we get once a thorne buſh ouer our head,
We may ſleep with our vaces againſt the zone, an were hogs
Bath our ſelues, ſtretch out our legs ant were a cennell of dogs:
And then at night when maides come to milkin, the games begin, (win.
But I may zay to you my nabor, *Hogs* maid had a clap, wel let thē laugh that
Chaue but one daughter, but chould not vor vorty pence ſhe were zo ſped,
Cha may zay to you, ſhe lookes euery night to go to bed:
But tis no matter, the whores be ſo whiskiſh when thare vnder a buſh,
That thare neuer ſatisfied, til their bellies be fluſh. (lambe:
Well cha muſt abroad about my flocks, leaſt the fengeance wolues catch a
Vor by my curſen zoule, thale ſteale an cha ſtand by, there not a verd of the
Ne. Wel to ſcapé the purſute of the king, of this ſame ſhepheard (dam.
Suſpition wholly to auoyd, for ſeruice ile enquire: (here,
Wel met good father, for your vſe, a ſeruant do you lacke?

Cor. What you wil not flout an old man you courtnold Iacke?

Nero. No truly father I flout you not, what I aske I would haue.

Co. Gos bones they leeſt, ſerue a ſhepheard an be zó braue?
You courtnoll crackropes, wod be hangd, you do nothing now and then
But come vp and downe the country, thus to flout poore men.
Go too goodman boy, chaue no zeruis vor no zuch flouting Iacks as you be

Nero. Father I thinke as I ſpeake, vpon my faith and troth beleeue me
I wil willingly ſerue you, if in caſe you wil take me.

Cor. Doeſt not mocke?

Nero. No truly father.

Cor. Then come with me, by gos bones chil neuer vorſake thee.

Whow bones of my zoule, thowilt be ỹ braueſt ſhepherds boy in our town,
Thous go to church in this coate, beuore Madge a ſonday in her gray gown.
Good lord how our church-wardens wil looke vpõ thee, bones of god zeeſt,
There will be more looking at thee, then our ſir Iohn the pariſh preeſt.
Why euery body wil aske whoſe boy thart, an cha cã tel the this by the way,
Thou ſhalt haue al the vareſt wenches of our town in the veelds vor to play.
Theres nabour *Nychols* daughter, a iolly ſmug whore with vat cheekes,
And nabour *Hodges* maide, meddle not with her, ſhe hath eaten ſet leekes.
But theres *Frumptons* wench in the freeſe ſcake, it will do thee good to ſee
What canuoſing is at the milking time, betweene her and mee.
And thoſe wenches will loue thee bonnomablely in euery place,
But do not vall in with them in any kind of cace.

Nero. Tuſh, you ſhall not neede to feare me, I can be mery with meaſure as well as they:

Coryn. Wel then come follow after me, and home chil leade thee the way.

Nero. Alas poore ſimple Shepheard, by this Princes may ſee,
That like man, like talke, in euery degree. *Exeunt.*

Enter Thraſellus *King of Norway, and two Lords.*

Thraſ. My Lords purſue her ſpeedely, ſhe cannot far be gone,
And lo himſelfe to ſeeke her out, your King he will be one.
Ah fraudulent dame, how hath ſhe glozd, from me to get away?
With ſugred words how hath ſhe fed, my ſenſes night and day?
Profeſſing loue with outward ſhowes, and inwardly her hate.
To practiſe ſuch a deepe deceit, whereby ſhe might depart
From out my court ſo ſodainly, when I did wholy iudge
She loued me moſt entirely, and not againſt me grudge.
She made ſuch ſignes by outward ſhowes, I blame not wit and policie,
But here I may exclaime and ſay, fye, fye, on womens ſubtilte.
Well well my Lords, no time delay, purſue her with all ſpeed,
And *I* this foreſt will ſeeke out my ſelfe, as is decreed,
With aide of ſuch as are behind, and will come vnto mee:

Ambo. We ſhal not ſlake what here in charge to vs is giuẽ by thee. *Exeunt.*

Thraſ. Ah ſubtill *Neronis*, how haſt thou me vexed?
Through thy craſty dealings how am *I* perplexed?
Did euer any winne a dame, and loſe her in ſuch ſort?
The maladies are maruellous, the which *I* do ſupport

Through

Through her deceit, but forth *I* will my company to meete,
If euer ſhe be caught againe, *I* will her ſo intreate,
That others all ſhall warning take, by ſuch a ſubtill dame,
How that a Prince for to delude, ſuch ingins they do frame.

Enter Clyomon *Knight of the golden Sheeld.*

Clyo. Nay Traytour ſtay, and take with thee that mortall blow or ſtroke
The which ſhall cauſe thy wretched corps this life for to reuoke.
It ioyeth me at the hart that I haue met thee in this place.

Thraſ. What varlet dareſt thou be ſo bold, with words in ſuch a cace,
For to vpbraide thy Lord and King? what art thou ſoone declare?

Clyo. My Lord and King, I thee defie, and in deſpite I dare
Thee for to ſay thou art no Prince, for thou a Traytour art,
And what reward is due therefore, to thee I ſhall impart.

Thraſ. Thou braggeſt all too boldly ſtill, what hight thy name expreſſe?

Clyo. What hight my name thou ſhalt not know, ne will I it confeſſe:
But for that thou my Lady ſtoleſt from fathers court away,
Ile ſure reuenge that trayterous fact vpon thy fleſh this day.
Since I haue met ſo luckely with thee here all alone,
Although as I do vnderſtand, from thee ſhe now is gone,
Yet therefore do defend thy ſelfe, for here I thee aſſaile,

Thraſ. Aias poore boy, thinkeſt thou againſt me to preuaile?

Here let them fight, the King fall downe dead.

Thraſ. Ah heauens, *Thraſellus* he is ſlaine, ye Gods his ghoſt receiue,

Clyo. Now haſt thou iuſtice for thy fact, as thy deſert doeth craue:
But ah alas poore *Clyomon*, though thou thy foe haſt ſlaine,
Such greeuous wounds thou haſt receiu'd, as doth increaſe thy paine.
Vnles I haue ſome ſpeedy help, my life muſt needly waſt,
And then as well as traytour falſe, my corps of death ſhall taſt.
Ah my *Neronis* where art thou? ah where art thou become?
For thy ſweete ſake thy Knight ſhall here receiue his vitall doome.
Lo here all gorde in bloud thy faithfull Knight doth lye,
For thee, ah faithfull dame, thy Knight for lack of help ſhall dye.
For thee, ah here thy *Clyomon*, his mortall ſtroke hath tane,
For thee, ah theſe ſame hands of his, the *Norway* King hath ſlaine.
Ah bleeding wounds from longer talke my foltring tong doth ſtay,
And if I haue not ſpeedy help, my life doth waſt away.

Enter father Coryn *the Shepheard, and his dog.*

Coryn. A plage on thee for a cur, A ha, driuen me ſheepe aboue from the (flocke?
A theefe, art not aſham'd? ile beate thee like a ſtocke:
And cha beene azeeking here, aboue voure miles and more:
But chill tell you what, chaue the braueſt lad of Iack the courtnoll, that euer was zeene beuore.
A, the whorcop is plagely well lou'd in our towne, (gowne,
An you had zeene go to Church beuore Madge my wife in her holy day
You would haue bleſt your zelues t'aue ſeene it, ſhe wet euen cheke by ioule
With our head controms wife, brother to my nabour *Nycholl*,
You know ha dwels by maiſter Iuſtice, ouer the water on the other ſide of the hill,
Cham zure you know it, betweene my nabour *Filchers* varme houſe, and the wind-mill.
But an you did zee how *Ione Ienkin*, and *Gilian Giffrey* loues my boy Iacke,
Why it is maruelation to ſee, *Ione* did ſo baſt *Gillians* backe,
That by Gos bones I laught till cha be piſt my zelfe, when cha zaw it,
All the maides in towne valls our for my boy, but and the yongmen know it
Thale be zo ieliſom ouer them, that cham in doubt
Ich ſhall not keepe Iack my boy till ſeuen yeares go about.
Well, cham nere the neere vor my ſhepe, chaue ſought it this voure mile,
But chill home, and ſend Iack foorth to zeeke it another while.
But bones of God man ſtay, Ieſu whather wilt? wha what meanſt lye heere?

Clyomon. Ah good father help me.

Coryn. Nay who there, by your leaue, chill not come neere.
What another? bones of me, he is either kild or dead?
Nay varewell vorty pence, yeare a knaue, gos death a doth bleede.

Clyomon. I bleede indeede father, ſo grieuous my wounds bee,
That if I haue not ſpeedie help, long life is not in mee.

Coryn. Why what art thou? or how chanſt thou camſt in this cace?

Clyomon. Ah father, that dead corps which thou ſeeſt there in place,
He was a Knight, and mine enemy, whome here I haue ſlaine,
And I a Gentleman, whom he hath wounded with maruellous paine.
Now thou knoweſt the truth, good father ſhew ſome curteſie
To ſtop my bleeding wounds, that I may finde ſome remedie,
My life to preſerue, if poſſible I may.

Coryn.

Coryn. Well heare you gentleman, should haue you know this by the way,
Cham but vather *Coryn* the sheepheard, cham no surringer I,
But chill do what cha can vor you, cha were loth to see you die.
Loe how say you by this, haue cha done you any ease?

Clyo. Father thy willingnesse of a certaintie, doth me much please:
But good father lend me thy helping hand once againe,
To burie this same Knight whom here I haue slaine,
Although he was to me a most deadly enemie,
Yet to leaue his body vnburied, were great crueltie.

Coryn. Bones of God man, our Priest dwells too farre away.

Clyo. Well, then for want of a Priest, the Priests part I will play:
Therefore father, helpe me to lay his body aright:
For I will bestow a herse of him, because he was a Knight:
If thou wilt go to a Cottage hereby, and fetch such things as I lacke.

Coryn. That chill Gentleman, and by and by returne backe.

Exit.

Clyo. But *Clyomon* pluck vp thy heart, with courage once againe,
And I will set ouer his dead Coarse in signe of victorie,
My Golden Sheeld and Sword, but with the poynt hanging downe,
As one conquered and lost his renowne.
Writing likewise thereupon, that all passengers may see,
That the false King of *Norway*, here lieth slaine by me.

Enter Coryn *with a Hearse.*

Co. Lo Gentleman, cha brought such things, as are requisit for the same.

Clyo. Then good father helpe me, the Hearse for to frame.

Co. Chat chall Gentleman, in the best order that cha may:
O that our Parish Preest were here, that you might heare him say,
Vor by gos bones, an there be any noyse in the Church, in the midst of his prayers heele sweare.
A he loues hunting a life, would to God you were acquainted with him a while,
And as vor a woman, well chill say nothing, but cha knowe whom hee did beguile.

Clyo. Well father *Coryn* let that passe, wee haue nothing to do withall.
And now that this is done, come reward thy paine I shall.
There is part of a recompence, thy good will to requite.

Coryn. By my troth cha thank you, cham bound to pray vor you day and
And now chil eue̅ home,& ſend Iack my boy this ſheep to ſeek out: (night.

Clyo. Tell me father ere thou goeſt,didſt thou not ſee a Lady wandring
(here about?

Cor. A Lady,no good vaith gentleman,cha zaw none cha tel you plane:

Clyo. Wel then farewell father,gramercies for thy paine.
Ah *Neronis* where thou art,or where thou doeſt abide,
Thy *Clyomon* to ſeeke thee out,ſhall reſt no time nor tide:
Thy foe here lieth ſlaine on ground,and liuing is thy frend,
Whoſe trauel til he ſee thy face,ſhall neuer haue an end.
My Enſigne here I leaue behind,theſe verſes writ ſhall yeeld
A true report of traytor ſlaine,by the knight of the golden ſheeld.
And as vnknowne to any wight,to trauell I betake,
Vntil I may her find,whoſe ſight my hart may ioyfull make. *Exit.*

Enter Shift *very braue.*

Shift. Ieſu what a gazing do you make at me,to ſee me in a gowne?
Do you not know after trauell,men being in Court or in Towne,
And ſpecially ſuch as is of any reputation,they muſt vſe this guiſe,
Which ſignifieth a foole to be ſage,graue,and of counſell wiſe.
But where are we thinke you now,that *Shift* is ſo braue?
Not running to ſeeke the knight of the golden ſheeld,an other office I haue:
For comming here to the court,of ſtrange Marſhes ſo named,
Where King *Alexander* in his owne perſon̄es,that Prince mightily famed
Betweene *Muſtantius* brother to the late king deceaſed
And the Queene,through King *Alexander*,a ſtriſe was appeaſed:
But how or which way I thinke you do not know,
Well then giue eare to my tale,and the truth I wil ſhow:
The old King being dead,through ſorrow for *Neronis*,
Whom we do heare,Louer to the Knight of the Golden Sheeld is.
The Queene being with child,the ſcepter asked to ſway,
But *Muſtantius* the Kings brother,he did it denay.
Whereof great contention grew, amongſt the Nobles on either ſide,
But being by them agreed the iudgement to abide
Of King *Alexander* the great,who then was comming hither,
At his arriuall to the Court,they all were cald togither.
The matter being heard,this ſentence was giuen,

That

That either partie ſhould haue a Champion to combat them betweene
That which Champion were ouercome, the other ſhould ſway,
And to be foughten after that time, the ſixteene day.
Now my maiſter *Clamydes* comming hither, for *Muſtantius* wil he bee,
But vpon the Queenes ſide, to venter none can we ſee:
And yet ſhe maketh proclamation through euery land:
To giue great gifts to any that will take the combat in hand.
Well within ten daies is the time, and king *Alexander* hee
Staieth till the day appointed, the triall to ſee:
And if none came at the day for the Queene to fight,
Then without trauel to my maiſter, *Muſtantius* hath his right.
But to ſee all things in a readines, againſt thappointed day:
Like a ſhifting knaue for aduantage, to Court Ile take my way.

Exit.

Enter Neronis *like a Sheepheards boy.*

Nero. The painfull pathes, the wearie wayes, the trauels and ill fare,
That ſimple ſeete, to Princes ſeeme, in practiſe verie rare,
As I poore Dame, whoſe penſiue heart, no pleaſure can delight,
Since that my ſtate ſo cruelly, fell *Fortune* holds in ſpight.
Ah poore *Neronis* in thy hand, is this a ſeemely ſhowe,
Who ſhouldſt in Court thy Lute ſupplie, where pleaſures erſt did flowe?
Is this an inſtrument for thee to guide a ſheepheards flocke?
That art a Princes by thy birth, and borne of noble ſtocke.
May mind from mourning mote refraine, to thinke on former ſtate?
May heart from ſighing eke abſtaine, to ſee this ſimple rate?
May eyes from downe diſtilling teares, when thus a loue I am,
Reſiſtance make, but muſt they not, through ceaſeleſſe ſorrowes frame
A Riuer of bedewed drops, for to diſtill my face?
Ah heauens when you are reuengd inough, then looke vpon my caſe.
For till I heare ſome newes alas vpon my louing Knight,
I dare not leaue this loathſome life, for feare of greater ſpight:
And now as did my maiſter will, as ſheepe that is aſtray
I muſt go ſeeke her out againe, by wild and wearie way.

Ah wofull ſight, what is alas, with theſe mine eyes beheld,
That to my louing Knight belongd, *I* view the Golden Sheeld:
Ah heauens, this Herſe doth ſignifie my Knight is ſlaine,
Ah death no longer do delay, but rid the liues of twaine:
Heart, hand, and euerie ſence prepare, vnto the Hearſe draw nie:
And thereupon ſubmit your ſelues, diſdaine not for to die
With him that was your miſtreſſe ioy, her life and death like caſe,
And well I know in ſeeking me, he did his end embrace.
That cruell wretch that *Norway* King, this curſed deed hath dunne,
But now to cut that lingring threed, that *Lachis* long hath ſpunne,
The ſword of this my louing knight, behold *I* here do take,
Of this my wofull corps alas, a finall end to make:
Yet ere I ſtrike that deadly ſtroke, that ſhall my life depraue,
Ye muſes ayd me to the Gods, for mercie firſt to craue.

Sing heere.

Well now you heauens receiue my ghoſt, my corps I leaue behind,
To be incloſd with his in earth, by thoſe that ſhall it find.

Deſcend Prouidence.

Proui. Stay, ſtay thy ſtroke, thou wofull Dame, what wilt thou thus diſpaire?
Behold to let this wilfull fact, I Prouidence prepaire
To thee, from ſeate of mightie Ioue, looke hereupon againe,
Reade, that if caſe thou canſt it reade, and ſee if he be ſlaine
Whom thou doeſt loue.

Nero. Ah heauens aboue,
All laud and praiſe and honour due, to you *I* here do render,
That would vouchſafe your handmaid here, in wofull ſtate to tender:
But by theſe ſame Verſes do I find, my faithfull knight doth liue,
Whoſe hand vnto my deadly foe, the mortall ſtroke did giue:
Whoſe curſed carkaſſe loe it is, which here on ground doth lie,
Ah honour due for this *I* yeeld, to mightie Ioue on hie.

Proui. Well, let deſparation die in thee, I may not here remaine,
But be aſſured, that thou ſhalt ere long thy knight attaine.

Aſcend.

Nero. And for their prouidence diuine, the Gods aboue ile praiſe,
And ſhew their works ſo wonderfull, vnto their laud alwaies.

Well

Well, ſith that the gods by prouidence hath ſigned vnto mee
Such comfort ſweete in my diſtreſſe, my Knight againe to ſee,
Farewell all feeding Shepherds flocks, vnſeemly for my ſtate,
To ſeeke my loue I will ſet forth, in hope of friendly fate.
But firſt to Shepherds houſe I will, my pages tyre to take,
And afterwards depart from thence, my iourney for to make. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Clyomon.

Clyo. Long haue I ſought but all in vaine, for neither far nor neare
Of my *Neronis* wofull dame, by no meanes can I heare.
Did euer fortune violate two louers in ſuch ſort?
The griefes ah are intollerable, the which I do ſupport
For want of her, but hope ſomewhat reuiues my penſiue hart,
And doth to me ſome ſodaine cauſe of comfort now impart
Through newes I heare, as I abroad in weary trauell went,
How that the Queene her mother hath her proclamations ſent
Through euery land, to get a Knight to combat on her ſide,
Againſt *Muſtantius*, Duke and Lord, to haue a matter tride:
And now the day is very nigh, as I do vnderſtand,
In hope to meete my Lady there I will into that land:
And for her mother vndertake the combat for to trye,
Yea though the other *Hector* were, I would him not denye
What ſoeuer he be, but ere I go, a golden Sheeld ile haue,
Although vnknowne, I will come in, as doth my Knighthood craue:
But couered will I keepe my Sheeld, becauſe ile not be knowne,
If caſe my Lady be in place, till I haue proweſſe ſhowne.
Well, to haue my Sheeld in readineſſe, I will no time delay,
And then to combat for the Queene, I ſtraight will take my way.

Exit.

Enter Neronis *like the Page.*

Nero. Ah weary paces that I walke, with ſteps vnſteddy ſtill,
Of all the gripes of griſlie griefes, *Neronis* hath her fill.
And yet amids theſe miſeries, which were my firſt miſhaps,
By brute I heare ſuch newes alas, as more and more inwraps
My wretched corps with thouſand woes, more then I may ſupport,
So that I am to be compard vnto the ſcaled fort,
Which doth ſo long as men and might, and ſuſtenance preuaile,

Giue to the enemies repulſe, that commeth to aſſaile:
But when aſſiſtance gins to faile, and ſtrength of foes increaſe,
They forced are through battering blowes, the ſame for to releaſe.
So likewiſe I ſo long as hope, my comfort did remaine,
The griefly greefes that me aſſaild, I did repulſe againe:
But now that hope begins to faile, and greefes anew do riſe,
I muſt of force yeeld vp the Forte, *I* can no way deuiſe
To keepe the ſame, the Forte I meane, it is the wearie corſe,
Which ſorrowes daily do aſſaile, and ſiege without remorſe:
And now to make my griefes the more, report alas hath told,
How that my fathers aged bones, is ſhrined vp in mold,
Since Norway king did me betray, and that my mother ſhee,
Through Duke *Auſtantius*, vncle mine, in great diſtreſſe to bee:
For ſwaying of the Septer there, what ſhould *I* herein ſay?
Now that *I* cannot find my knight, I would at combat day
Be gladly there, if caſe I could with ſome good maiſter meete,
That as his Page in theſe affaires, would ſeeme me to intreate:
And in good time, here commeth one, he ſeemes a knight to be,
Ile profer ſeruice, if in caſe, he will accept of me.

Enter Clyomon *with his Sheeld couered, ſtrangely diſguiſed.*

Clyo. Well, now as one vnknowne, *I* will go combat for the Queene:
Who can bewray me, ſince my Sheeld is not for to be ſeene?
But ſtay, who do *I* here eſpie? of truth a proper Boy,
If caſe he do a maiſter lacke, he ſhall ſuſtaine no noy:
For why in theſe affaires, he may ſtand me in paſſing ſteed.

Nero. Well, I ſee to paſſe vpon my way, this Gentlemans decreed,
To him I will ſubmit my ſelfe, in ſeruice for to be,
If caſe he can his fancie frame, to like ſo well on me.
Well met ſir knight vpon your way.

Clyo. My Boy gramercies, but to me ſay,
Into what countrey is thy iourney dight?

Nero. Towards the ſtrange Marches, of truth Sir Knight.

Clyo. And thither am *I* going, high *Ioue* be my guide.

Nero. Would Gods *I* were worthy to be your Page by your ſide.

Clyo. My Page my boy, why what is thy name? that let me heare.

Nero. Sir Knight, by name *I* am called *Cut Dacer*.

Clyo. *Cur Daceer*, what heart of Steele, now certis my boy:
I am a Gentleman, and do entertaine thee with ioy:
And to the ſtrange Marſhes am *I* going, the Queene to defend,
Come therefore, for without more ſaying, with me thou ſhalt wend.

Exit.

Nero. As diligent to do my dutie as any in this land:
Ah Fortune, how fauourablie my friend doth ſhe ſtand:
For thus no man knowing mine eſtate nor degree,
May I paſſe ſafely, a Page as you ſee.

Exit.

Enter Bryan ſance ſoy *with the Head.*

Bry. Euen as the Owle that hides her head, in hollow tree till night,
And dares not while ſir *Phœbus* ſhines, attempt abroad in flight:
So likewiſe *I* as Buzzard bold, while chearefull day is ſeene,
Am forſt with Owle to hide my ſelfe, amongſt the luie greene:
And dares not with the ſeelie Snaile, from cabbin ſhow my head,
Till *Veſper I* behold aloft, in skies begin to ſpread:
And then as Owle that flies abroad when other fowles do reſt,
I creepe out of my drowſie denne, when ſummous hath ſuppreſt
The head of euerie valiant heart, loe thus *I* ſhrowd the day,
And trauell as the Owle by night vpon my wiſhed way:
The which hath made more tedious my iourney, by halfe part,
But blame not *Bryan*, blame alas, his cowardly catiffes hart:
Which dares not ſhowe it ſelfe by day, for feare of worthy wights,
For none can trauell openly, to eſcape the venturous Knights,
Vnleſſe he haue a noble mind, and eke a valiant hart,
The which *I* will not brag vpon, *I* aſſure you for my part:
For if the courage were in me, the which in other is,
I doubtles had inioyed the wight whom I do loue ere this.
Well, *I* haue not long to trauell now, to *Denmarke I* draw nie,
Bearing knight *Clamydes* name, yet *Bryan ſance foy* am *I*.
But though I do vſurpe his name, his ſheeld or enſigne here,
Yet can I not vſurpe his heart, ſtill *Bryans* heart I beare:
Well, I force not that, he is ſafe inough, and *Bryan* as I am,
I will vnto the Court, whereas *I* ſhall enioy that dame.

Exit.

Enter Shift *like a Wiffler.*

Shift. Rowme there for a reckning,ſee *I* beſeech you if thale ſtand out of
Ieſu, Ieſu,why do you not know that this is the day (the way,
That the combat muſt paſſe for *Muſtantius* and the Queene?
But to fight vpon her ſide as yet no Champion is ſeene.
And Duke *Muſtantius* he ſmiles in his ſleeue, becauſe he doth ſee
That neither for loue nor rewards, any one her Champion will be.
Anſwer not but that my maiſter the other Champion is,
To fight for the Queene my ſelfe, *I* ſurely would not mis.
Alas good Lady,ſhe and her child is like to loſe all the land,
Becauſe none will come in, in her defence for to ſtand.
For where ſhe was in election,if any Champion had come
To rule till ſhe was deliuered, and haue the Princes roome:
Now ſhall Duke *Muſtantius* be ſure the Scepter to ſway,
If that none do come in to fight in her cauſe this day.
And King *Alexander* all this while hath he ſtayed the triall to ſee,
Well here they come, roome there for the King, heres ſuch thruſting of
women as it grieueth mee.

Enter King Alexander,*the Queene*,*Muſtantius*,*two Lords*,
and Clamydes *like a Champion.*

Muſtan. O *Alexander* lo behold, before thy royall grace
My Champion here ar pointed day *I* do preſent in place.

Alexand. Well ſir Duke in your defence is he content to be?

Clamy. Yea worthy Prince, not fearing who incounter ſhall with me:
Although he were with *Hercules* of equall power and might,
Yet in the cauſe of this ſame Duke, *I* challenge him the fight.

Alexa. *I* like your courage well ſir Knight: what ſhal we call your name?

Clamy. *Clamydes*,ſonne to the *Swauian* King,O Prince ſo hight the ſame.

Alexa. Now certainely *I* am right glad *Clamydes* for to ſee,
Such valiant courage to remaine within the mind of thee.
Well Lady,according to the order tane herein, what do you ſay,
Haue you your Champion in like caſe, now ready at the day?

Queene. No ſure ô King no Champion I, haue for to ayde my cauſe,
Vnleſſe twill pleaſe your noble grace on further day to pauſe.
For I haue ſent throughout this Ile,and euery forraine land,
But none as yet hath proffered,to take the ſame in hand.

Alex. No,

Alex. No, *I* am more ſorie certainly, your chance to ſee ſo ill,
But day deferred cannot be, vnleſſe *Muſtantius* will,
For that his Champion readie here, in place he doth preſent,
And who ſo miſſed at this day, ſhould looſe by full conſent
Of either part, the tytle right, and ſway of regall Mace,
To this was your conſentment giuen, as well as his in place,
And therefore without his aſſent, we cannot referre the day?

Shift. Ant ſhall pleaſe your grace, herein trie *Muſtantius* what he will ſay.

Alex. How ſay you *Muſtantius*, are you content the day to deferre?

Muſtan. Your Grace will not will me I truſt, for then from law you erre:
And hauing not her Champion here, according to decree,
There reſteth nought for her to looſe, the Crowne belongs to mee.

Shift. Nay ant ſhall pleaſe your grace, rather then ſhe ſhall it loſe,
I my ſelfe will be her Champion for halfe a doozen blowes.

Muſtan. Wilt thou? then by full congo to the Challenger there ſtands.

Shift. Nay ſoft, of ſufferance commeth eaſe, though *I* cannot rule my tongue, ile rule my hands.

Muſtan. Well noble *Alexander*, ſith that ſhe wants her Champion as you ſee,
By greement of your royall grace, the Crowne belongs to mee.

Alex. Nay *Muſtantius*, ſhe ſhall haue law, wherefore to ſound begin,
To ſee if that in three houres ſpace no Champion will come in.

Sound here once.

Of truth Madam I ſorie am, none will thy cauſe maintaine,
Well, according to the law of Armes, yet Trumpet ſound againe.

Sound ſecond time.

What, and is there none will take in hand, to Combat for the Queene?

Shift. Faith *I* thinke it muſt be *I* muſt do the deed, for none yet is ſeene.

Queene. O King let pittie pleade for me, here in your gracious ſight,
And for ſo ſlender cauſe as this depriue me not of right:
Conſider once I had to ſpowſe a Prince of worthy fame,
Though now blind Fortune ſpurne at me, her ſpight I needs muſt blame:
And though I am bereſt O King, both of my child and mate,
Your Grace ſome greement may procure, conſider of my ſtate,
And ſuffer not a Widow Queene with wrong oppreſſed ſo,
But pitie the young Infants caſe, wherewith O King I go:

And though I ſuffer wrong, let that find fauour in your ſight.
King. Why Lady I reſpect you both, and ſure would if *I* might
Entreate *Muſtantius* thereunto, ſome ſuch good order frame,
Your ſtrife ſhould ceaſe, and yet each one well pleaſed with the ſame.
Queene. I know your grace may him perſwade, as reaſon wils no leſſe.
King. Well Sir *Muſtantius*, then your mind to me in breefe expreſſe,
Will you vnto ſuch order ſtand here limited by me,
Without deferring longer time, ſay on if you agree?
Muſtan. In hope your grace my ſtate will way, *I* giue my glad conſent.
King. And for to end all diſcord ſay, Madame, are you content?
Queene. Yea noble King.
King. Well then before my nobles all, giue eare vnto the King,
For ſwaying of the ſword and Mace all diſcord to beate downe,
The child when it is borne, we elect to weare the Crowne.
And till that time *Muſtantius*, you of lands and liuing heere,
Like equall part in euerie point, with this the Queene ſhall ſhare:
But to the child when it is borne, if Gods grant it to liue,
The kingdome whole in euery part, as tytle we do giue.
But yet *Muſtantius*, we will yeeld this recompence to you,
You ſhall receiue fiue thouſand Crownes for yearely penſion due,
To maintaine your eſtate, while you here liue and do remaine,
And after let the whole belong vnto the Crowne againe.
Now ſay your minds if you agree?
Page. *I* would the like choiſe were put to me.
Muſt. I for my part O Noble King therewith am well content:
Well better halfe then nought at all, I likewiſe giue conſent.

Enter Clyomon, *as to Combat.*

Clyo. Renowned King and moſt of fame, before thy royall grace,
The Queene to aid, *I* do preſent my perſon here in place.
Muſtan. You come too late in faith Sir knight, the houre and time is paſt.
Clyo. Your houre *I* am not to reſpect, I entered with the blaſt.
Clamy. What Princox is it you, are come to combat for the Queene?
Good Fortune now, *I* hope ere long your courage ſhall be ſeene.
Clyo. And ſure I count my hap as good, to meete with you Sir knight,
Come according to your promiſe made, prepare your ſelfe to fight.

Clamy. I knew you well inough ſir, although your ſheeld were hid from me.

Clyo. Now you ſhall feele me as well as know me, if hand and hart agree.

King. Stay, ſtay Sir knights, I charge you not in combat to proceed,
For why the quarell ended is, and the parties are agreed:
And therefore we diſcharge you both, the combat to refraine:

Page. The heauens therefore O noble King, thy happie ſheeld remaine.

Clamy. O King although we be diſchargd for this contention now,
Betwixt vs twaine there reſteth yet a combat made by vow:
Which ſhould be fought before your Grace: and ſince we here be met,
To iudge twixt vs for victorie, let me your Grace entreat.

King. For what occaſion is your ſtrifes ſir knights, firſt let me know?

Clamid. The trueth thereof renowned king thy ſeruant he ſhall ſhow:
What time O king as I ſhould take of *Suauia* king my ſier,
The noble orders of a Knight, which long I did deſier:
This knight a ſtraunger comes to court, and at that preſent day,
In cowardly wiſe he comes by ſtealth, and takes from me away
The honour that I ſhould haue had, for which my father he,
Did of his bleſſing giue in charge, O noble king to me,
That I ſhould know his name, that thus bereaued me of my right
The which he will not ſhew, vnles he be ſubdued in fight:
Whereto we either plighted faith, that I ſhould know his name,
If that before thy Grace O King, my force in fight could frame,
To vanquiſh him, now hauing met thus happily togither,
Though they are greed, our combat reſt, decreed ere we came hither.
Are you that knight that did ſubdue Sir *Samuel* in field,
For which you had in recompence of vs, that Golden Sheeld?

Clyo. I am that knight renowned Prince, whoſe name is yet vnknowne,
And ſince I foyld Sir *Samuel*, ſome proweſſe I haue ſhowne.

Queen. Then as I geſſe, you are that Knight by that ſame ſheeld you bear
Which ſometime was reſtored to health within our Pallace here?
By *Neronis* our daughter ſhe betrayed by Norway king.

Clyo. I am that knight indeed O Queene, whom ſhe to health did bring,
Whoſe ſeruant euer I am bound whereſoeuer that ſhe be,
Whoſe enemie O Queene is ſlaine purſuing her, by me.

Queene. Know

Queene. Know you not where ſhe abides, Sir knight to vs declare?
Clyo. No certis would to Gods *I* did, ſhe ſhould not liue in care,
But eſcaped from the Norway king, *I* am aſſur'd ſhe is.
Queene. Well her abſence was her fathers death, which turnd to bale my (bliſs.
Clyo. And till *I* find her out againe, my toile no end ſhall haue
Queene. Alas he is nigh inough to her, ſmall toile the ſpace doth craue.
King. Well Sir knights, ſince that you haue declar'd before me here,
The cauſe of this the grudge which you to each other beare:
I wiſh you both a while to pawſe, and to my words attend,
If Reaſon reſt with you, be ſure Knights, this quarell *I* will end,
Without the ſheading any bloud betwixt you here in ſight:
Clamydes, wey you are nobly borne, and will you then ſir Knight,
Go hazard life ſo deſperately: I charge you both refraine,
Since for ſo ſmal a cauſe, the ſtrife doth grow betwixt you twaine:
And let him know your name ſir knight, and ſo your malice end:
Clyo. I haue vowed to the contrary, which vowe I muſt defend, (knowne?
King. Well though ſo it be that you haue vowed, your name ſhall not be
Yet not detracting this your vow, your countrey may be ſhowne,
And of what ſtocke by birth you bee:
Shift. But Lady he is daſhed now I ſee.
Clyo. Indeed this hath aſtond me much, I cannot but confeſſe,
My country and my birth, my ſtate, which plainly wil expreſſe
My name, for that vnto them all my ſtate is not knowne,
King. Sir knight, of our demand from you againe, what anſwere ſhall be
Clyo. Of *Denmarke* noble Prince I am, and ſon vnto the king: (ſhowne?
King. Why then ſir *Clomon* hight your name, as rare report doth ring?
Clyo. It doth indeed ſo hight my name, O Prince of high renowne,
I am the Prince of *Denmarkes* ſonne, and heire vnto the Crowne.
Clamy. And are you ſon to *Denmarke* king? then do imbrace your frend,
Within whoſe heart here towards you, all malice makes an end:
Who with your ſiſter linked is, in loue with loyall hart:
Clyo. And for her ſake, and for thine owne, like friendſhip I impart.
King. Well ſir knights, ſince friendſhip reſts, where rancor did remaine,
And that you are ſuch friends become, I certaine am right faine,
In hope you wil continue ſtil, you ſhall to Court repaire,
And remaine if that you pleaſe awhile, to reſt you there

Till time you haue decreed which way your iourney you will frame:
Both. We yeeld you thanks, beſeeching Ioue ſtill to augment your fame.
Exeunt.

Clamydes. Well, come my *Clyomon* let vs paſſe, and as we ioutne by way,
My moſt misfortunes vnto thee I wholly will bewray
What hapned in my laſt affaires, and for thy ſiſters ſake.
Clyomon. Well then *Cœur d'acer* come and waite, your iourney you ſhall take,
And ſeeing thou art prepared, and haſt all things in readineſſe,
Haſt thee before to *Denmarke* with ſpeedineſſe,
And tell the King and the Queene that *Clyomon* their ſonne
In health and happie ſtate to their court doth returne,
But in no wiſe to *Iuliana* ſay any thing of mee.
Curdaſer. I will not ſhew one word amiſſe contrary your decree.
Clamydes. Well then my *Clyomon*, to take our leaue to court let vs repare:
Clyomon. As your friend and companyon *Clamydes* euery where. *Exit.*
Neronis. Oh heauens is this my louing knight whom I haue ſerud ſo lōg?
Now haue *I* tride his faithfull hart, oh ſo my ioyes doth throng,
To thinke how fortune fauoreth me, *Nerones* now be glad,
And praiſe the gods, thy iourney now, ſuch good ſucceſſe hath had.
To *Denmarke* will *I* haſt with ioy my meſſage to declare,
And tell the King how that his ſonne doth homeward now repaire.
And more to make my ioyes abound, fortune could neuer frame
A finer meane to ſerue my turne, then this, for by the ſame
I may vnto the Queene declare my ſtate in ſecret wiſe,
As by the way I will recount how beſt I can deuiſe.
Now pack *Nerones* like a page, haſt hence leſt thou be ſpide,
And tell thy maiſters meſſage there, the gods my iourney guide. *Exit.*

Enter King of Denmarke, the Queene, Iuliana, two Lords.

King. Come Lady Queene, and daughter eke, my *Iuliana* deare,
We muſe that of your Knight as yet no newes againe you heare,
Which did aduenture for your loue the Serpent to ſubdue.
Iulia. O father, the ſending of that worthy knight my woful hart doth rue,
For that alas the furious force of his outragious might,
As I haue heard ſubdued hath full many a worthy knight.
And this laſt night O father paſt, my mind was troubled ſore,
Me thought in dreame I ſaw a Knight not knowne to me before,

Which did preſent to me the head of that ſame monſter ſlaine,
But my *Clamydes* ſtill in voyce me thought I heard complaine,
As one bereft of all his ioy, now what this dreame doth ſignifie,
My ſimple skill will not ſuffice the truth thereof to ſpecifie.
But ſore I feare to contraries, the exſpect thereof will hap,
Which will in huge calamities my wofull corps bewrap:
For ſending of ſo worthy a Prince, as was *Clamydes* he,
To ſup his dire deſtruction there, for wretched loue of me.

Queene. Tuſh daughter theſe but fancies be, which run within your mind:

King. Let them for to ſuppreſſe your ioyes, no place of harbour find.

Lord. O Princes let no dol'ors dant, behold your Knight in place:

Iulia. Ah happie ſight, do I behold my knight *Clamydes* face?

Enter Bryan Sance foy *with the head on his ſword.*

Bryan. Wel, *I* haue at laſt through trauell long, atchiued my iourneys end,
Though *Bryan*, yet *Clamydes* name, I ſtoutly muſt defend.
Ah happie ſight, the King and Queene with daughter in like caſe
I do behold, to them I will preſent my ſelfe in place:
The mightie Gods renowmed King, thy princely ſtate maintaine:

King. Sir *Clamydes*, moſt welcome ſure you are to court againe.

Bryan. O Princes lo my promiſe here performed thou maiſt ſee,
The Serpents head by me ſubdude. *I* do preſent to thee,
Before thy fathers royall grace:

Iulia. My *Clamydes* do embrace.
Thy *Iuliana*, whoſe hart thou haſt till vitall race be runne:
Sith for her ſake ſo venturouſly this deed by thee was done.
Ah welcome home my faithfull Knight:

Bryan. Gramerces noble Lady bright.

King. Well *Iuliana* in our court your louer cauſe to ſtay,
For all out Nobles we will ſend, againſt your nuptiall day.
Go cary him to take his reſt:

Iulian. I ſhall obey your graces heſt.
Come my *Clamydes* go with me, in court your reſt to take:

Bryan. I thanke you Lady, now I ſee accompt of me you make.

Exeunt.

King. Well my Queene, ſith daughter ours hath choſen ſuch a make,
The terrour of whoſe valiant hart may cauſe our foes to quake,

Come:

Come let vs preſently depart, and as we did decree,
For all our nobles will we ſend, their nuptialls for to ſee.
Queene. As pleaſeth thee, thy Lady Queene O king is well agreed.
Lo. May it pleaſe your graces to areſt, for loe with poſting ſpeed
A meſſenger doth enter place:
King. Then will we ſtay to know the caſe.

Enter Neronis.

Nero. The mightie powers renowned Prince preſerue your ſtate for ay.
King. Meſſenger thou art welcome, what haſt thou to ſay?
Nero. Sir *Clyomon* your noble ſonne, knight of the golden Sheeld,
Who for his valiant victories in Towne and eke in field
Is famed through the world, to your court doth now returne,
And hath ſent me before to Court, your grace for to enforme.
King. Ah meſſenger declare, is this of truth the which that thou haſt told?
Nero. It is moſt true O Noble king, you may thereof be bold.
King. Ah ioy of ioyes ſurpaſſing all, what ioy is this to me?
My *Clyomon* in Court to haue, the nuptiall for to ſee,
Of *Iuliana* ſiſter his, oh ſo I ioy in mind.
Queene. My boy where is thy maiſter ſpeake, what is he far behind?
Declare with ſpeed, for theſe my eyes do long his face to view:
Nero. Oh Queene this day he will be here, tis truth I tell to you.
But noble Queene let pardon here my bold attempt excuſe,
And for to heare a ſimple boy in ſecret not refuſe.
Who hath ſtrange tidings from your ſonne to tell vnto your grace. *Exit.*
Lord. Behold my Lord where as I geſſe, ſome ſtrangers enter place:
King. I hope my *Clyomon* be not far, Oh ioy, *I* ſee his face.
Clyo. Come Knowledge, come forward, why art thou alwaies ſlacke?
Get you to Court, bruſh vp our apparell, vntruſſe your packe:
Go ſeeke out my Page, bid him come to me with all ſpeed you can:
Shift. Go ſeek out, fetch, bring here, gogs ounds, what am I, a dog or a man?
I were better be a hangman, and liue ſo like a drudge:
Since your new man came to you, *I* muſt packe, I muſt trudge.
Clyo. How ſtands thou knaue? why gets thou not away?
Shift. Now, now ſir, you are ſo haſtie now, *I* know not what to ſay.
Clyo. O noble Prince, the Gods aboue preſerue thy royall grace:
King. How ioyfull is my heart deare ſonne, to view againe thy face?

Clyomon. And I as ioyfull in the view of parents happie plight,
Whome ſacred gods long time maintaine in honor day and night.
But this my friend O father deere, euen as my ſelfe intreate,
Whoſe noblenes when time ſhall ſerue to you he ſhall repeate.
King. If caſe my ſonne he be thy friend, with hart I thee imbrace:
Clyomon. With loyall hart in humble wiſe, *I* thanke your noble grace.
King. My *Clyomon* declare my ſonne in thine aduentures late,
What hath bin wrought by fortune moſt to aduance thy noble ſtate?
Clyomon. O father, the greateſt ioy of all the ioyes which was to one aſſignd
Since firſt I left your noble court by cruell fortune blind,
Is now bereſt from me away, through her accurſed fate,
So that I rather finde ſhe doth enuy my noble ſtate,
Then ſeeke for to aduance the ſame, ſo that I boldly may
Expreſſe ſhe neuer gaue ſo much, but more ſhe tooke away.
And that which I haue loſt by her, and her accurſed ire,
From trauell will *I* neuer ceaſe, vntill *I* may aſpire
Vnto the view thereof oh King, wherein is all my ioy.
King. Why how hath fortune wrought to thee this care and great anoy?
Clyomon. O father vnto me the heauenly powers aſſignd a noble dame,
With whome to liue in happy life, my hart did wholie frame.
But not long did that glaſing ſtarre, giue light vnto mine eyes,
But this fell fortune gins to frowne, which euery ſtate deſpiſe,
And takes away through cancred hate that happy light from me,
In which I fixed had my hope, a bleſſed ſtate to ſee:
And daughter to the King ſhe was, which of ſtrange Marſhes hight,
Bearing brute each where, to be dame Bewties darling bright:
Right heire vnto dame Vertues grace, dame Natures patterne true,
Dame Prudence ſcholler for her wit, dame *Venus* for her hue.
Diana for her daintie life, *Suſanna* being ſad,
Sage *Saba* for her ſoberneſſe, mild *Marpha* being glad.
And if I ſhould reentre make, amongſt the Muſes nine,
My Lady lackt no kind of art, which man may well define
Amongſt thoſe daintie dames to be, then let all iudge that heare,
If that my cauſe it be not iuſt, for which this penſiue cheare
Fell fortune forceth me to make.
King. Yet *Clyomon* good counſell take.

Leſt

Let not the loſſe of the Lady thine ſo pinch thy hart with griefe,
That nothing may vnto thy mind giue comfort or reliefe:
What man there Ladies are enow, although that ſhe be gone,
Then leaue to waile the want of her, ceaſe off to make this mone.
Clyo. No father, neuer ſeeme for to perſwade, for as is ſaid before,
What trauell I haue had for her, it ſhall be tryple more,
Vntill I meete with her againe.
Clamy. Well *Clyomon*, a while refraine,
And let me here my woes recount before your fathers grace,
But let me craue, your ſiſter may be ſent for into place.
O King vouchſafe I may demaund a ſimple bound,
Although a ſtraunger, yet I hope ſuch fauour may be found,
The thing is this, that you will ſend for *Iuliana* hither,
Your daughter faire, that we may talke a word or twaine togither.
King. For what, let me know ſir knight, do you her ſight deſire?
Clyo. The cauſe pretends no harme my Liege, why he doth this require
Ki. My Lord go bid our daughter come and ſpeake with me ſtraight way
Lo. I ſhall my Liege in euerie point, your mind herein obey. *Exit*
Clyo. Oh father this is *Clamydes*, and ſonne to *Swauia* King.
Who formy ſiſter ventured life, the ſerpents head to bring:
With whom I met in trauell mine, but more whad did befall,
To worke his woe when as ſhe comes, your grace ſhall know it all.
King. My ſonne you are deceiued much, I you aſſure in this,
The perſon whom you tearme him for, in court alreadie is.
Clamy. No father I am not deceiued, this is *Clamydes* ſure.
King. Well my ſonne do ceaſe a while ſuch talke to put in vre:
For loe thy ſiſter entereth place, which ſoone the doubt ſhall end.
Clamy. Then for to ſhew my name to her, I ſurely do pretend,
My *Iuliana* noble Dame, *Clamydes* do embrace,
Who many a bitter brunt hath bode, ſince that he ſaw thy face.

Enter Iuliana.

Auant diſſembling wretch, what credit canſt thou yeeld?
Wher's the ſerpents head thou brought, where is my glittering Sheeld?
Tuſh, tuſh ſir knight, you counterfet, you would *Clamydes* be,
But want of theſe bewraies you quite, and ſhewes you are not he.
Clamy. O Princes do not me diſdaine, I certaine am your knight:

Iulia. What art thou franticke fooliſh man? auaunt from out my ſight.
If thou art he, then ſhew my ſheeld, and bring the Serpents head:
Clamy. O Princeſſe heare me ſhew my caſe, by Fortune fell decreed.
I am your Knight, and when I had ſubdued the monſter fell,
Through wearie fight and trauell great as Knowledge here can tell:
I laid me downe to reſt a ſpace within the Forreſt, where
One *Bryan* than *Sance foy* hight, who with cowardly vſage there,
By chaunting charme, brought me a ſleepe, then did he take from me
The Serpents head, my coate and ſheeld, the which you gaue to me:
And left me in his priſon loe, ſtill ſleeping as I was.
Loe Lady thus I loſt thoſe things the which to me you gaue,
But certainly I am your Knight, and he who did depraue
The flying Serpent of his life according as you willed,
That who ſo wonne your loue by him, the ſame ſhould be fulfilled.
Iuli. Alas poore knight, how ſimplie haue you framed this excuſe?
The name of ſuch a noble knight to vſurpe and eke abuſe.
Clyo. No ſiſter you are deceiued, this is *Clamydes* ſure I.
Iulia. No brother, then you are deceiued, ſuch tales to put in vre:
For my *Clamydes* is in Court, who did preſent to me,
In white attire the Serpents head and Sheeld, as yet to ſee.
Clamy. That ſhall I quickly vnderſtand, O king permit I may
Haue conference a while with him, whom as your grace doth ſay,
Preſents *Clamydes*, for to be before your royall grace.
Iuli. Behold no whit agaſt to ſhew himſelfe, where he doth enter place.
Cla. Ah traytor, art thou he that doth my name and ſtate abuſe?
Iuli. Sir knight you are too bold in preſence here, ſuch talke againſt him
for to vſe.
Bry. Wherefore doeſt thou vpbraid me thus, thou varlet do declare?
Clio. No varlet he, to call him ſo, ſir knight you are too blame:
Clamy. Wouldſt thou perſtand for what intent ſuch talk I here do frame?
Becauſe I know thou doeſt vſurpe my ſtate and noble name.
Bry. Who art thou, or whats thy name treanſwere quickly make:
Clamy. I am *Clamydes*, whoſe name to beare, thou here doeſt vndertake.
Bry. Art thou *Clamydes*? vaunt thou falſe vſurper of my ſtate,
Auoyd this place, or death ſhall be thy moſt accurſed fate.

How

How dareſt thou enterpriſe to take my name thus vnto thee?

Clamy. Nay rather, how dareſt thou attempt to vſurpe the name of me?

Iulia. You lie Sir Knight, he doth not ſo, gainſt him you haue it done.

Clyo. Siſter you are deceiued, my frind here is *Clamydes* Prince, the King of *Suauias* ſonne.

Iulia. Nay Brother, neither you nor he can me deceiue herein.

Clamy. O King bowe downe thy princely eares, and liſten what I ſay,
To proue my ſelfe the wight *I* am before your royall grace,
And to diſproue this faithleſſe Knight which here I find in place,
For to vſurpe my name ſo much, the combat will I trie:
For before I will mine honour looſe, *I* rather chuſe to die.

Ki. I like well your determined mind, but how ſay you ſir knight?

Bryan. Nay by his ounds ile gage my gowne he dares not fight:
By gogs bloud I ſhall be ſlaine now, if the Combat I denie,
And not for the eares of my head with him *I* dare trie.

King. Sir knight why do you not reanſwere make in triall of your name?

Bry. I will O King, if caſe he dare in combat trie the ſame.

King. Well then go to prepare your ſelues, each one his weapons take:

Iulia. Good father let it not be ſo, reſtraine them for my ſake.
I may not here behold my Knight in daunger for to be,
With ſuch a one who doth vſurpe his name to purchaſe me:
I ſpeake not this for that I feare his force or ſtrength in fight,
But that I will not haue him deale with ſuch a deſperate wight.

King. Nay ſure, there is no better way then that which is decreed,
And therefore for to end their ſtriſe the combat ſhall proceed:
Sir knights prepare your ſelues, the truth thereof to trie.

Clamy. *I* readie am, no cowarly heart ſhall cauſe me to denie.

Bry. Nay ile neuer ſtand the triall of it, my heart to fight doth faint:
Therefore ile take me to my legs, ſeeing my honour I muſt attaint.

King. Why whither runs *Clamydes?* Sir knight ſeeme to ſtay him:

Clyo. Nay it is *Clamydes* O King that doth fray him.

Clamy. Nay come ſir come, for the combat we will trie:

Bry. Ah no my heart is done, to be *Clamydes* I denie.

King. Why how now *Clamydes*, how chance you do the combat here thus ſhunne?

Bry. Oh King grant pardon vnto me, the thing I haue begunne
I muſt denie, for I am not *Clamides*, this is plaine:

Though greatly to my ſhame, I muſt my words reuoke againe?
I am no other then the knight, whome they *Sance Foy* call,
This is *Clamydes*, the feare of whom, my danted mind doth pall.
Iulian. Is this *Clamydes?* ah worthy Knight, then do forgiue thy deere,
And welcome eke ten thouſand times vnto thy Lady heere.
Clamy. Ah my *Iuliana* bright, whats paſt *I* do forgiue,
For well I ſee thou conſtant art, and whilſt that I do liue,
For this, my firmed faith in thee for euer ile repoſe.
Iulian. O father now I do deny that wretch, and do amongſt my foes
Recount him for this treaſon wrought.
King. Well Knowledge, take him vnto thee, and for the ſmall regard
The which he had to valiant Knights, this ſhalbe his reward,
Sith he by charmes, his crueltie in cowardly manner wrought,
On Knights, who as *Clamydes* did, the crowne of honour fought,
And trayterouſly did them betray, in priſon for to keepe,
The fruits of ſuch like crueltie, himſelfe by vs ſhall reape:
By due deſert therefore I charge to priſon him conuay,
There for to lye perpetually vnto his dying day.
Bryan. Oh King be mercifull, and ſhew ſome fauour in this caſe:
King. Nay, neuer thinke that at my hands thou ſhalt finde any grace.
Clamydes, ah moſt welcome thou, our daughter to enioy,
The heauens be praiſd that this hath wrought, to foile all future noy.
Clamydes. *I* thanke your Grace, that you thus ſo well eſteeme of me.
Enter Knowledge. What is all things finiſhed, and euery man eaſed?
Is the pageant packed vp, and all parties pleaſed?
Hath each Lord his Lady, and each Lady her loue?
Clyomon. Why *Knowledge*, what meanſt thou thoſe motions to moue?
Knowledge. You were beſt ſtay a while, and then you ſhall know,
For the Queene her ſelfe comes, the motion to ſhow.
You ſent me if you remember, to ſeeke out your page,
But *I* cannot find him, I went whiſling & calling through the court in ſuch (a rage:
At the laſt very ſcacely in at a chamber I did pry,
Where the Queene with other Ladyes very buſy I did ſpy:
Decking vp a ſtrange Lady very gallant and gay,
To bring her here in preſence, as in court I heard ſay.
Clyomon. A ſtrange Lady *Knowledge*, of whence is ſhe canſt thou tell me?
Knowledge. Not I ant ſhall pleaſe you, but anon you ſhall ſee.

For lo where the Lady with your mother doth come:

Clyomon. Then ſtraightway my duty to her grace ſhalbe done.
The mighty Gods preſerue your ſtate, O Queene, and mother deare,
Hoping your bleſſing I haue had, though abſent many a yeare. (glad,

Enter Queene. My *Clyomon*, thy ſight my ſon doth make thy aged mother
Whoſe abſence long and many a yeare, hath made thy penſiue parents ſad.
And more to let thee know my ſonne, that I do loue and tender thee,
I haue here for thy welcome home, a preſent which ile giue to thee.
This Lady though ſhe be vnknowne, refuſe her not, for ſure her ſtate
Deſerues a Princes ſonne to wed, and therefore take her for thy mate.

Clyomon. O noble Queene and mother deere, *I* thanke you for your great
But I am otherwiſe beſtowd, and ſure I muſt my oath fulfill. (good will,
And ſo *I* mind if gods to fore on ſuch decree I meane to pauſe,
For ſure I muſt of force deny, my noble father knowes the cauſe. (went,

King. Indeed my Queene this much he told, he lou'd a Lady ſince he
Who hath his hart and euer ſhall, and none but her to loue he'is bent.

Clyomon. So did I ſay, and ſo I wil, no beawties blaze, no gliſtering wight,
Can cauſe me to forget her loue, to whom my faith I firſt did plight.

Nerones. Why are you ſo ſtraight lac't ſir Knight, to caſt a Lady off ſo coy?
Turne once againe and looke on me, perhaps my ſight may bring you ioy.

Clyo. Bring ioy to me? alas which way? no Ladies looks cã make me glad:

Nero. Then were my recõpence but ſmall, to quit my paine for you I had.
Wherefore ſir knight do wey my words, ſet not ſo light the loue *I* ſhow,
But when you haue bethought your ſelfe, you wil recant and turne *I* know.

Queene. My *Clyomon* refuſe her not, ſhe is and muſt thy Lady be:

Clyo. If otherwiſe my mind be bent, *I* truſt your grace will pardon me.

Nero. Wel then I ſee tis time to ſpeake, ſir knight let me one queſtiõ craue,
Say on your mind. Where is that Lady now become, to whom your plighted faith you gaue?

Clyo. Nay if I could abſolue that doubt, then were my mind at eaſe:

Nero. Were you not brought to health by her, whẽ you came ſick once of

Cly. Yea ſure I muſt cõfeſſe a truth, ſhe did reſtore my health to me, (& ſeas?
For which good deed I reſt her owne, in hope one day her face to ſee.

Nero. But did you not promiſe her to returne, to ſee her at a certaine day,
And ere you came that to performe, the *Norway* King ſtole her away?
And ſo your Lady there you loſt:

Clyomon. All this *I* graunt, but to his coſt.
For ſtealing her againſt her will, this hand of mine bereft his life.

Ne. Now ſure ſir knight you ſerud him wel, to teach him know an other mās
But yet once more ſir Knight replie, the truth I craue to vnderſtand, (wiſe:
In Forreſt once, who gaue you drink, whereas you ſtood with ſword in hād,
Fearing leaſt ſome had you purſude for fleying of your enemie?

Cly. That did a ſillie ſhepheards boy, which there I tooke my Page to be.

Nero. And what is of that Page become, remains he with you, yea or no?

Clyo. I ſent him hither ere I came, becauſe the King and Queene ſhould
That I in health returned was, but ſince I neuer ſaw him. (know,

Ne. And ſure he ſtands not far from hence, though now you do not know

Clyo. Not far from hence, where might he be? (him.

Nero. Of troth Sir Knight, my ſelfe am he:
I brought your meſſage to the King, as here the Queene can teſtifie:
I gaue you drinke in Forreſt ſure, when you with drought were like to die.
I found you once vpon the ſhore full ſicke, when as you came from ſeas,
I brought you home to fathers Court, I ſought al means your mind to pleas,
And *I* it was that all this while haue waighted like a Page on thee:
Still hoping for to ſpie a time wherein *I* might diſcouer mee.
And ſo by hap at laſt *I* did, I thanke your mothers noble grace:
She entertaind me courteouſly, when I had told her all my caſe.
And now let this ſuffice my deare, I am *Neronis* whom you ſee,
Who many a wearie ſtep hath gone, before and ſince I met with thee:

Clyo. O ſudden ioyes, O heauenly ſight, O words more worth then gold,
Neronis, O my deare welcome, my armes I here vnfold,
To claſp thy comely corps withall, twice welcome to thy knight.

Nero. And I as ioyfull am no doubt, my *Clyomon* of thy happie ſight.

Clyo. *Clamydes* my aſſured friend, lo how Dame *Fortune* fauoureth mee,
This is *Neronis* my deare loue, whoſe face ſo long I wiſht to ſee.

Clam. My *Clyomon*, I am as glad as you your ſelfe to ſee this day:

Ki. Well daughter though a ſtranger yet, welcome to Court as *I* may ſay.

Queene. And Lady as welcome vnto me, as if thou wert mine onely child.

Nero. For this your gracious curteſie, *I* thanke you noble Princes mild.

Ia. Though ſtrange and vnacquainted yet, do make account you welcome
Your nuptiall day as well as mine, I know my father will prepare. (are,

King. Yes we are preſt your nuptiall day with daughter ours to ſee,
As well as *Clyomons* our ſonne, with this his Lady faire:
Come therefore to our Court, that we the ſame may ſoone prepare,
For we are preſt throughout our land, for all our Peeres to ſend.

Omnes. Thy pleaſure moſt renowned King, thy ſeruants ſhall attend.